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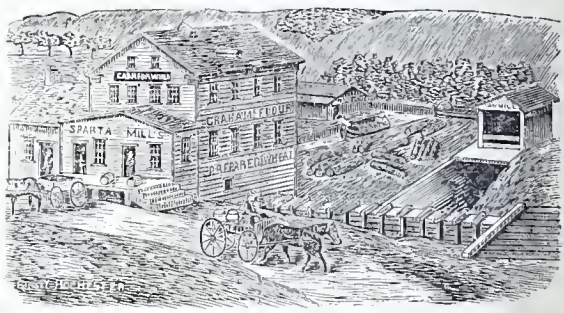
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THE LAWS OF LIFE

AND

JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

VOL. XVIII. OCTOBER, 1875. NO. 10

CHRIST AS A PHYSICIAN.

A Letter.

OUR HOME, Dansville, N. Y.
Sept. 1, 1875.

DR. JAMES C. JACKSON, *Dear Brother*:—We the undersigned having enjoyed for some time the privileges of your hygienic Home on the Hillside, and thus had ample opportunity to become acquainted with the aim, character and spirit of the Institution, desire to express to you our very great satisfaction in finding it so eminently christian. You have constantly in all your sermons, lectures and more familiar parlor talks, held up Jesus Christ who saves us from sin and who heals our diseases as the author and finisher of our faith, and urged upon all your patients faith in Him and obedience to all His laws. And we have also been delighted to find such manifest tokens of the presence of the Holy Spirit among the inmates of the Home, in the frequent testimonies given by christians to the fact of their advancement in the divine life while here, and by young converts to the fact of their having been led while here to embrace the Savior and enter upon a new, religious life. And the manner and extent of your utilizing this religious element as a therapeutic force have given us new ideas of the grandeur and glory of the gospel and of our obligations to its Divine author. The material and physical benefits to be enjoyed in this Home are too obvious to need our mention. The beauty of the natural scenery around the Home, the purity of the air and the water, and the perfect repose to be enjoyed here, the entire exemption from the follies of the fashionable world, and the natural modes of living which prevail here, all these we are glad to know are appreciated by all who have ever visited Dansville. We beg leave to assure you and all your associates and helpers of our deep sense of personal obligations for your kindness and courtesy while sojourning in the Home, and of our best wishes for your success in all your efforts to promote health reform among the people. We shall as far as practicable prevail upon friends and acquaintances to live according to the laws of life and health, as they are expounded here, and if ill, to come here in order to enjoy the means and opportunities provided in the Home for their restoration to health.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit.

Your fellow-helpers to the truth,

Daniel Read, pastor of the 1st Baptist church, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

J. F. Clymer, pastor of the M. E. Church, Glens Falls, N. Y.

A. J. Rowland, pastor of the 10th St. Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Penna.

Geo. W. Woodruff, pastor of the St. Paul's M. E. Church, Fall River, Mass.

Rev. C. M. Emery, Baptist, Thomaston, Me.

Rev. J. P. Schneure, Lutheran, Hollidaysburgh, Pa.

Rev. M. E. King, Methodist, Monmouth, Me.

Rev. E. B. Utt, Evangelical, Columbus City, Iowa.

Rev. Milo N. Powers, Methodist, Centralia, Ill.

Rev. John Henry Brodt, Dansville, N. Y.

Reply.

Dear Brethren:

WHAT a great hindrance to the progress of "The Glad Tidings" sickness is. Nothing so unmans one as ill health. It always disturbs the action of the mental faculties, or confuses the moral sense, or greatly benumbs the spiritual powers and lets loose the passions. Take an invalid having chronic or acute disease and, whether child or adult, whether male or female, when health fails and sickness exists,

the least desirable exhibitions of human nature are sure to be seen.

SICKNESS SANCTIFIES NO ONE.

On the contrary it demoralizes every one whom it touches. Arising as it always does from the traverse or the violation of law, it is the natural foe of order, of peace, of prosperity, of success. Because it is the essential outgrowth of a spirit of disobedience to law, is it, that christianity is opposed to it, for Christ's philosophy is in favor of Law. He came not to destroy but to fulfill the law, to make law aid not hinder man's growth, to induce mankind therefore to obey not break law. There is no perversity which human nature ever takes on to which the Savior of mankind is in thought and effort more opposed than He is to its physical ailments.

Well He may be, since out of them springs such a vast brood of obstacles to the progress of His ideas. Crime and vice of every name and color are the progeny not infrequently of physical abnormity. In fact, the question might be raised whether the larger share of evils with which society is infested is not the legitimate offspring of bad conditions of living.

BODILY HOLINESS.

To any man or woman then, in whom the new life has germinated, there should spring up the idea and the purpose of *bodily* holiness. Christians live on earth altogether too much with bodies unconsecrated. They seek to honor their Master in spirit while they fail to honor Him in body. It is not at all uncommon to see Christians showing in their own respective personalities antagonistic positions, their souls on Christ's side, their bodies substantially given over to Satan. Such a condition is very unfortunate for themselves not only, but very humiliating; and to the Master intensely mortifying, doubtless. Of course, nothing comes, or can come of it, in the direction of spiritual life, but failure. At best the condition only permits of formalized goodness, a kind of plastic piety that has its chief significance in religious ceremonies or rituals, in symbols and sacred observances. The attempt to extract the juices of life out of dry-rot is only less rewardful than the effort to obtain spiritual knowledge of Jesus, through organized institutions alone. These can never be, at best, other than helps. When they are sought to be made substitutes for living spiritual experience, they become as destructive to the soul as poisons are to the body.

LACK OF THE HIGHER LIFE.

Now, every minister of Jesus who is in charge of a church knows that the saddest fact with which he has to deal is the lack of evident vital godliness in his church members. If in any church in any denomination in the United States more than one in four of its communicants show thorough, hearty, Christian life, such church is exceptionally blessed. Define christianity by any formula that involves living "godly in Christ Jesus," and the presentation of it by christians generally in their lives, is vastly below its ordinary level. This defective exhibition of it is in the main owing, I think, not to a want of desire on the part of church members to live as they ought, so much as to a want of knowledge how to make their new impulse manifest. They are awkward and inexpert in demonstration and this failure to "put on Christ" so as to make Him visible to others, is owing very much to the activity and force of their bodily appetites and passions. These war against the Spirit as the Spirit does against them and so their souls find no rest, and they know but little of the peace that passeth understanding; while, if they are ailing, ill, or sick in body, their sickness only makes them spiritually more restive and intensifies their gloom.

SPIRITUAL UNREST.

One of the unhappiest conditions into which a christian can pass is that of great spiritual vibration. If this becomes habitual or quite frequent he must suffer great misery. To be on "the heights" to-day, with the Sun of Righteousness shining on him with healing on his wings, inside happy, outside the prospect beautiful beyond compare—the whole of life resplendent with the golden glow that always illumines the Master's face--and to-morrow the whole of his life covered with the gray of November if not with the blackness of its nights, is to be conditioned as no follower of Jesus ought ever to be. Life to a christian should be but the outward representation of an inward calmness and confidence that should enable him to master all earthly circumstances. Whatever of vexation, perplexity, or strife, may come to him, he should not be troubled. What Christ gives him as he goes along his pilgrimage, and what is to be his when his journey is ended, should so satisfy him that,

> "Should the whole frame of Nature break,
> In ruin and confusion hurled,
> He, undisturbed, would bear the mighty shock,
> And stand secure amid a falling world."

A christian should be above the disturbances of this life. Being a pilgrim, a sojourner, having in reality no permanent interests on earth and therefore no fixed conditions—no abiding place—why should passing difficulties harass him? To be seriously troubled by them is as though a mere traveler passing on a journey through a country should take on and be worried by all the trials, difficulties and discouragements of its resident people. Troubles in this life, to a christian, always argue complex relations. They shadow distinctly modes of living on his part that constrain him. In some way he is bound, whereas he ought to be free. If a man, the cost of living, the maintenance of business, the welfare of the body politic,—if a woman the management of the house, the subjection to fashion, the demands of the family or of society, or some complication with worldly-

minded and unregenerate persons have so come to exist that the soul moves about with clipped wings, trudging toward Heaven instead of soaring and

"Cleaving the sky."

The conditions of living on earth to most christians are aptly illustrated by Bunyan's Muckrake, who, while Heaven hung over his head a glittering crown, persisted in looking down and digging in the dirt instead of looking up to see what could be his for the asking.

CHRISTIANS PHYSICALLY ABNORMAL.

It seems to me that very much of the unrest and actual dissatisfaction with life which christians show,—so show that those who are not christians perceive them—is to be accounted for philosophically, only on the hypothesis that they are physically abnormal. If there be truth in this view, and my professional observation forces me to admit it, then the thing to be done in order to the attainment of more satisfactory spiritual life is for them to overcome as much as possible their bodily abnormities, whatever these may be, and "presenting their bodies living sacrifices, holy and acceptable unto God, which is their reasonable"—or as it might be rendered—their spiritual "service;" "be not conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of their minds that they may know what is the pure and perfect and acceptable will of God."

BODILY DISEASES SPIRITUAL HINDRANCES.

Now the forms of ailment which a human body can take on, and which, where any one or more of them exists, can and do make it a poor instrument for the manifestation of the graces of the Holy Spirit are many. Numerous as they are, so numerous may be the spiritual hindrances. This is not a pretty picture to present, but better in this instance to paint a daub and have it true, than to cover the canvas of human life with the tints of Raphael and have it all untrue; and the truth is, our infirmities, however existing, are obstacles to the growth of the Divine life in the soul, and when they are of our creation and continuance they not infrequently rear themselves before us as almost insuperable obstructions. The dear Christ help the man or woman who has to cry out in the agonies of his spirit, "Who shall deliver me from this body of death?"

Of the diseases which in this country persons have, it is entirely safe to say that nine-tenths are avoidable. And this too without any great pains-taking. Of a hundred sheep in a flock not ten of them die of disease. Of lambs born in any flock which has a herdsman's care not three per cent. perish, yet out of all who die annually in this great and flourishing land—a goodly land it is!—full one half die under five years of age. If God so cares for the sheep of the field, how much more does He care for those of Christ's flock. If christians would co-operate with their Master, death save by old age might be substantially abolished.

If a large proportion of the diseases which afflict our people are avoidable and might be avoided by christians, if they lived close to Christ, then it is not far fetched to say that to be intimate with Him would enable all who are curable to get well. Christ as a physician for the body is not a whit less available, nor from any common sense view less serviceable, than as a Priest He is to the soul of man.

Of course to make Him potential a christian needs to do as He himself did when on earth, be reverent in spirit and obedient in act to the laws which relate to his life on earth. A sick christian, would he have Jesus cure him, must bring into service his reason, conscience, judgment, will, his passions, emotions, affections and intuitive perceptions. These he must place at the disposal and control of his Master. Having done so thoroughly and without reserve, let him proceed to use as best he can those agents, instruments, and influences which are admitted by general consent to be *health preserving*, and, my word for it, Christ will work for and accomplish his restoration to health as against apparently impossible odds. I have seen things done on this hillside in this direction marvellous to behold. Persons so worn down by disease as to be, to all ordinary conception, close to the gates of death, abandoned by the most skillful physicians, declared again and again to be past help, on coming here have been advised by me to submit their cases to Jesus and ask for His aid, and they have from that moment gone straight to health. True it was that they did not ignore but did recognize law and all its attributes and claims on them. True it was that they did not lie inert and passive—though they were loyally and lovingly submissive to God's will—but they set about coworking with God, and they wrought till they had so changed their consciousness that thought and emotion, passion and affection, sense and sensibility, animal instinct and spiritual perception were, one and all, active on the line of Christ's desires toward them, thus rendering it possible for Him to bring His magnificent resources to their aid. They "cried unto the Lord and He heard them and delivered them out of all their troubles." He set them on their feet and "established their goings."

From the point of view, then, wherein Christ is to be regarded as a Healer of the sick—all the while and in all ways working in perfect accord with the laws and within the limits of the human constitution—I desire Our Home on the Hillside to be considered. Of what the human constitution is capable I think physicians and scientists as yet know but little. Generally speaking, men of learning have studied it physiologically not biologically. They have thought about and of it from its material and mechanical illustrations. They have not thought of it

as having psychological as well as physiological constituents which enter into its essential making up. So thinking and failing to think, they have given little or no attention to those laws which have relation to the training, discipline, culture and development of the spirit of man. If he is sick, they proceed to consider him as so much mass of organized matter, and so subject to the action or reaction upon him of chemical agents. Thus has sprung up into universal use the system of drug-medication, and all the diseases which have origin in morbid consciousness—whether of thought, feeling, passion, emotion, sense or sensibility are treated *secundum artem*, and as though they had cause only in some disordered condition of body, rather than in some intellectual or emotional or passional perversities. This putting effect for cause is the mistake of our age—and a woeful mistake it is—and so far as the life of man on earth is concerned, to rectify it constitutes the chief purpose and labor of the Savior of men. The whole philosophy of His thought, the entire force of his statements, never for pungency and conciseness equalled, the whole tenor of his teaching, the drift of his life, his death, his resurrection and ascension, all unequivocally point to the idea that if man would live free from sickness, suffering and sin on earth, he must recoguize that he has a soul, which for his body's sake as well as for its own must lift its face towards its Master's.

WHAT THE BIBLE TEACHES.

The Bible teaches nothing more certainly than that the Divine life in man is not the result of the development of his natural faculties under the operation of material agencies alone. On the other hand, Christ distinctly affirms—and this affirmatiou, like the gulf stream in the Atlantic, runs clear through the epistolary correspondence of the apostles—that a person in order to become his disciple, or in moderu phrase a christian, must take in a new element which is not born in him and which therefore does not beloug to him naturally. No matter how well his physical frame may be organized, nor how happy the combination of his mental and moral faculties, these are subject to the limits both of time and space within which law operates. But, when he gets the new element in him, aud so takes on new birth, his life, instead of being limited by law, however extensive the boundary of its actiou on and over him may be, becomes limitless. God's life has no measurement. He is unconditioned. He creates space. Everything is bounded by Him. He is indescribable, immeasurable.

When, therefore, the life that is in God enters into a human creature, and which life is altogether of different order from that which we see evolved in Nature, since God is unconditioned, development by law alone, ceases, and growth by Divine impulse as well as by law takes place. Thenceforward, the question of the highest possible interest to the subject of the new life, is, which of these two orders of life, the superimposed or the evolutionary, the supernatural or the natural, the spiritual or the fleshly, is to govern. It is for him to decide. To the Force that comes directly from God, what the Bible terms the Holy Spirit, or to that which is evolved through matter, under the working of the laws which govern it, he must consciously subject himself. If to the former, all changes however slow, and at any given time or point of observation however feeble, must be to the rooting out of the death element in him, and to the increase of the deathless; and according to this increase will the illnesses, ailments, sicknesses and sufferings which, allied to, culminate in death, disappear; and thus when a christian passes from earth the looker on will say, "Let me die the death of the" christian, "and let my last end be like his."

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF LIBERTY.

One can see from this view what an immense swing toward Christly liberty this Divine element, put into a human being, gives him. In seizing his animal instincts and holding them subject to its own impulsions, in touching his intellect and quickening it to act after the divine order, in making nicely discriminative his moral sense and so enlarging his relations to his fellows, in penetrating to the very marrow of his inner consciousness and so giving it power to get glimpses at least of the things that God has prepared for them that love Him; it so endows and endues him as largely to enfranchise him. I can conceive of nothing so delightful, so joyous, so inspiring, so ecstatic, so health-giving, so thoroughly and consciously saving as being filled with the fullness of God; being so under the guidance of the Holy Spirit as to have no passion nor appetite, no propensity nor instinct, no thought nor feeling, no conscience nor judgment, no wish nor will, diverse from God's; but on the other hand constantly to cry out in any and every way in which consciousness can take voice, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done." Such one has begun to be free. God has so touched him as to give him a foretaste of heaven. He has opened the man's own nature and let him have view of its possibilities, and at the sight, all things of time and sense lessen in his estimation. His grasp on earth is loosened. His clasp on heaven is tightened. Law more and more lets him alone. Divine Love embraces him, and when it thoroughly envelops him, and hides his life away with Christ's life in the bosom of God, Liberty—the quintessence of God's nature—takes him by the hand and tenders him the freedom of the Universe. It says to him: "All things are yours, for you are Christ's and Christ is God's."

A FAIR QUESTION.

Thus to a person so related to life on earth is it philosophical or rational to suppose that if the possibility exists of his being free from dis-

ease and its legitimate results, he will still be subject thereto? To me it is not. On the contrary I am sure that the physiology, metaphysics, and psychology of human nature unitedly recognize the improbability of the supposition. Every well educated physician, teacher or preacher knows that a mental impression or spiritual emotion can and must so affect the nervous system as to modify the circulation of the blood, and thereby alter the relation to each other of the parts of a human body. This being so, how can a person who has come under the influence of Force so much more intelligent, powerful and constant than any he possesses, as to induce him to give himself up cheerfully to its sway, fail to feel the life-giving effects of it, since the Force is life itself. Christianity—not represented by modes or ceremonies or ritualistic or legal observances but by peace and joy in the Holy Spirit—is the grandest preventive to and curative of disease known to mortal man.

Is there anything so transcendental in this view as to justify doubt in regard to it? If so what and wherein? That Christ when on earth did wield a power over human diseases most wonderful is as well authenticated as that he had existence; and that he demonstrated that "it is the spirit that quickeneth," while "the flesh profiteth nothing," is unquestionable. While here He had power over elemental forces, and controlled fundamental conditions. Even organic substances and forces answered to His call. He made water into wine. He stilled the winds and the waves of the sea. He raised the lame on to his feet by a touch, and spake and restored a withered arm. This being so, how should His ascension lessen His earthly potency? Man is so constituted that any force that is legitimate to his use and advantage whether in coarse or crude form is not enervated by sublimation. In fact, the more refined and purified it is, the more effective does it become. To lay off the conditions essential to earthly life must have added inconceivably to Christ's centripetal force. He must have understood this when on one occasion He said: "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father." This bespoke consciousness of increased resources when He should have ascended. And that this added power should be less available to the mitigation of disease than when He was on earth is not to be accepted unless proved beyond cavil. True, the intermediate agencies may be more cumbersome than when He was a dweller in Judea; but this drawback is much more than made up by His superior attraction and by the freedom of action which His glorified personality confers.

THE DIVINE PHILOSOPHY OF GETTING WELL.

The philosophy which He left behind him declares explicitly that the true way for those who believe on Him to get well of their diseases is to partake of His vitality, and the method by which to do this is to become imbued with His spirit, and then to live as He did. The psychological force thus made available will prove efficiently curative in the exact ratio of the impression made on the consciousness of the subject of it, and what the measure of its potency shall be, may be readily inferred from the results of the action of the emotions, when these are stirred by ordinary mental motives. Emotional diseases which are very distressing to the subjects of them, and which baffle the best remedial medicines of the Profession, yield to the influence of the imagination. I have in a great many instances seized on the imaginations of invalids who were not lunatics, nor hallucinated persons, nor persons crazed, but persons having diseases purely physical, like piles, neuralgia, constipation, bronchitis, sick headache, severe vomiting, diarrhœa, bloody flux, pneumonia, enlarged liver, rheumatism, sciatica, cancer in the breast, and various other diseases, and holding the patients steady to my conception, carried them straight away from sick beds to health, using no agency nor instrumentality whatever for curative purposes, save such as are always serviceable to the preservation of health. Now, if to lay hold of one's consciousness and keep it impressed by my idea for days, weeks and months together, never letting it out from under my pressure, bearing down hard upon it if it showed itself in any way restive, did result as in hundreds and hundreds of cases it has done, in enabling my sick patients to get well, am I fanatical or illusive in my view that Jesus Christ with His infinite resources of Spiritual Force can so project it into an invalid and so affect him that his bodily conditions shall be changed?

WHY SHOULD THIS NOT BE?

Now as between mind and body why should not the rule work both ways? Every person of reflection knows that his bodily states influence his intellectual conceptions. Sick in body, his mind becomes depressed. Restored in body, his mind takes on vivacity and vigor. If, therefore, when the body becomes sick, the mind may become diseased, why may not the body become diseased when the mind becomes disordered? And if so, why does not the true order of treatment consist in administering mental remedies?

Admit this, and what is the logical inference with respect to the cure of all those bodily diseases which spring out of disordered affections or perverse states of the human heart? Is it not that the heart shall be doctored? or in other words that its affections shall be changed and the person's life so altered that he shall become whole?

Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, from these are born evil deeds, from these spring naturally enough horrible diseases of body which no material remedy can reach. Take drunkenness as an instance. Medical science

confesses its impotence to cure this disease through any substance known to the materia medica. Take gluttony, seen sometimes in the form of hunger mania. No formula of the schools can reach it. Take lechery—what exhibit of medicine can overcome it? Drunken, gluttonous, and libidinous indulgences arise out of misbehaving desires and misdirected affections, so that the reason, the conscience, the judgment and the will are disturbed if not dethroned, and the passions are let loose to riot and revel like a wine bibber at a banquet. Thus the subject thinks wrongly, feels wrongly, and acts wrongly.

CONSIDER A LITTLE.

Count the diseases which arise from the drinking of ardent spirits, from excessive eating, and from sexual incontinence, and you cover a large three-fourths of all with which physicians have to deal. This brood of ailments originating in intellectually and affectionally depraved consciousness burrows in the human body, and making a warren of it fill it full of their own uncleanness, till blood and bone, fiber and sinew, nerve and membrane, one and all become diseased, and the man or woman is sick through and through. How vain the skill of doctors if seen only in the administration of doses. What such invalids need most for their restoration to health is to be restored to the dignities of human nature, to feel a fresh stream of manliness running through them, like water over a sharp declivity, bubbling, sparkling and laughing as it goes. The higher elements that constitute the healthy and the hearty man, are lacking in them. They do not need nitrates, nor phosphates, nor carbonates, half so much as they do reverence for Law, and for God, its Author; half as much as they do a sweet spirit of obedience and hope and faith and vigorous endeavor. Their souls want doctoring and dealing with, not by homilies, nor by moral platitudes; but by the application to their bodily habits, ways, fashions, methods and modes of life on earth, of that philosophy of living which is termed christianity, and which, originating with Jesus Christ, was introduced by Him and his disciples to human notice nearly 1900 years ago. Accepting this philosophy heartily and applying it faithfully to its full extent in all matters pertaining to life and health on earth, the immense efficacy of physical law to affect and regulate bodily states is fully at their service and disposal. Besides this great help, which comes to them direct through their material relations, there is the spiritual help which can come to them curatively, through their spiritual relations to Jesus. These relations may be such that great intimacy between the invalid and his great Physician will come to exist, and when it does there is no disease which does not exist by reason of defective organism or from structural lesion which is not entirely curable.

THE HIGHER POTENCIES.

While, therefore, I recognize and am actively and enthusiastically in use of all material substances, agents, instruments and influences which are legitimately and so hygienically appropriable by the living human body, for its preservation and restoration, I am a firm believer in and advocate for those higher forces which the Savior of mankind holds at disposal for the cure of all human ills. These psychical instrumentalities are immense in potency, and no less remarkable in their great adaptation. No person, whatever his nationality or condition of education or culture, is outside of the line of their operation. Emanating from Deity and being, as it were, the breath of His mouth, they possess an intrinsic or inhering vitality that affects all that it touches. The conditions of their application and their effectiveness being complied with, they work wonders; under the inspiration and guidance of the Holy Spirit to whom Jesus has committed them for use, who ever has any curable disease can be made the recipient of them. They work often very silently, but they produce very great changes. They work in harmony with law always, so far as I know their way of working; but they quite often supersede law, bringing about desired results in and after a form that seems to set aside the use of physical remedies. Their action appears to depend on the conditions of mind and spirit of the patient. Full of faith, hope and love, an appeal to Jesus for help by an invalid I have never known to be fruitless. In every instance, without exception, good has come to the subject. The mind has been lifted and essentially toned, the spirit has been innervated and refreshed, the body—if incurable—has had its sufferings assuaged, or if curable has been made to take on improvement, and in many instances immediate convalescence has been observed.

THEIR CUMULATION AND INCREASED VALUE THEREBY.

This view, however, does not exhaust the subject, nor even describe it in the best manner. These psychical forces intensify themselves as they cumulate. They augment as their personal representatives associate. Have ten, fifty or a hundred christians come together, being of one mind as touching any effect desired to be produced, and the surety of the result is increased in proportion to the unity and strength of the impression entertained. Then organize this impression, and so create a public sentiment, support this by the intellectual convictions of individual christians as in Our Home, and thereby make a public opinion that shall recognize and accept these psychical forces as a therapeutic, and it is easy to see how effective they must be as a curative to the invalids who come here. To christians they are actual nourishment. To some of them they are as life from the dead. Henceforth Jesus is no longer a

myth, nor His religion a dreamy idealism, beautiful in contemplation but of no practical use to them in their conflicts with the world, the flesh and the devil. Both He and it are not only of conceivable value but become of great service. He can be appealed to in all troublous conditions. It can be made helpful in all conditions and circumstances.

A feeling thus held in common by a number of persons, when combined and made active, unquestionably becomes more efficient than it could possibly be were it disjointed.

MORBID CONDITIONS CRITICISED.

Let a hundred persons, men and women, believe and feel that the Savior of men is as powerful to save them from sickness as He is from sin, and then let them band themselves together to give such thought and sentiment expression in an active and permanent form, and within the radius of their influence disease of any kind finds difficult lodgment. The quiet and the more observable, the private and the public confession that Jesus is a Savior from "the ills that flesh is heir to," necessarily subjects all morbid conditions to criticism and public opposition. Invalids are exhorted and urged to contend against their ailments. Faith, Hope and Love, Reason, Judgment and Will are summoned to the support of the crusade against disease. The social forces are rallied to the contest, the victim to disease is not left to himself; he has the sympathy, the regard, the good will and the Christly love of his fellows, and by the aid of these and the ministrations of the Spirit, he gets into conditions where hygienic agencies become potential, and so he gets well.

THUS THE TREATMENT BECOMES PSYCHO-HYGIENIC.

It does not set aside the laws which promote health of body. It only adds greatly to their efficacy, by bringing into play the supporting and saving forces of the Holy Spirit. It recognizes christianity as a scheme to save *men*, not souls simply. It unites the material and the spiritual agencies which Jesus has in keeping. It makes heaven as a place, possible, because it makes it a state—actual with men. It establishes the kingdom of God within men in order to enable them to enter into the kingdom of God. It makes Jesus a living Presence to those who accept Him, instead of a far off Abstraction, and in and by the aid of both law and gospel, it so utilizes Him and His, that those who believe are redeemed, consecrated, sanctified and saved from sickness and sin and their terrible consequences.

NOT WHOLLY UNINSTRUCTIVE.

It may not be wholly uninstructive to others who, unlike yourselves, have not had an opportunity to observe the workings of the psycho-hygienic system of treating invalids and the wonderful results that have followed its application, for me to say that over 500 persons, during our life on the Hillside, have publicly avowed, while patients, their purpose to follow Jesus and be His true and loving disciples. Of these, as far as I know, not one has died from disease. Many of them I know from their letters to me have not been sick in years. Others, though ailing at times, have not found it at all needful to employ physicians, and they uniformly speak of the preciousness of Christ to them, of the comfortings of the Spirit, of their separation from the world, of their delight in life and its labors, of the peace which flows like a river, and of God's love which fills them full. Not a few of them have the most hearty and spiritually healthful experiences to relate. They talk like young apostles, they are luminous with heaven's light. They evidently occupy a range of thought and feeling and experience as much higher than the followers of Jesus usually do as can easily be conceived; and in my opinion how and why they do, is, after long and careful observation, to be accounted for only on the theory and the fact that they recognize their bodies as temples of the Spirit of God, and live and act accordingly.

A NOTICEABLE EFFECT.

I doubt whether there can be found in Christendom a church which, under its ordinary and extraordinary means for the conversion of men, can show a more constant, steadier and more noticeable and happier result than in this direction is observable in Our Home. I feel quite sure there cannot be found one where greater deliverances from sickness as well as sin are wrought. You yourselves for the little while you were patients were eye witnesses to marvelous yet silent transformations of body and spirit. I am glad of your testimony, for it was not sought by me or mine, and all the more because it gives the glory of this magnificent work where it belongs—to your Master and mine.

FAVORABLE CONDITIONS.

Now brethren, while we who are at work in Our Home are neither bigoted nor sectarian nor foolish enough to think or feel that unto us has been committed a monopoly of healing the sick or helping sinners to find Him who is "the Way, the Truth and the Life," we do feel and think that fairly to understand the laws of life and health, and fervently to obey them, and so if not sick to keep well, or if sick to get well, is inevitably to create conditions under which the higher faculties of man can take new spring and advanced culture, and so all the more easily come under the guidance and quickening of the divine spirit. In thus thinking and feeling we claim the right to enjoy life. We therefore play as well as pray, work as well as worship, are hilarious as well as grave, have fun and frolic as well as faith and fervor of spirit, in all things, however, whether we eat or drink or whatever we do, we seek to do all to the glory of Him who is our Life.

A GRAND PLACE.

To men of your profession, Our Home is or may be a grand place, as it has been and is to many thoughtful, earnest and close thinking, hard working men and women in the various walks of life. Under our civilization, the intelligent, social and emotional forces of reflective and business people are subject to great taxation and over strain. Life with them is for the most part very factitious, intensely artificial, greatly exciting, beyond measure fatiguing, with no natural reliefs, or resting or reposeful spots along its high ways. They know nothing of recreations. They only know of diversified dissipations, therefore they know nothing of rest. Very few persons have any idea that the legitimate and natural and therefore God-ordained re-agent to fatigue is rest. Our Home is a great "rest cure." Here one can vegetate, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." The clergyman can fold his surplice carefully, and laying it away for awhile become simply a man. If he is bright and hearty, having the courage to be true and free, he can in the spirit of a devout disciple cause the shadow on the dial of his life to go back and still back, till days shall ripen into years, and his life become resplendent in the glory of deeds well done.

I hope to live to see the day when invalids shall flock in crowded numbers to this hillside and breathing its pure air, drinking its pure water, reposing in its quiet, enjoying its freedom, get the rest so positively needful for their recovery from the diseases that afflict and torment them. And along with this achievement, may the higher life come to them, outspread to their vision in such delightful display, that they shall be made supremely worshipful evermore.

I am, for the redemption of man from sickness and sin, Yours truly,

JAMES C. JACKSON.

For The Laws of Life.

Vice and Victuals.

THE great law "Like produces like" is universal. "Every seed after his kind" is the law of all creation. Monkeys and men are no exception. This principle not only obtains in the production of life, but in all the processes of its development. Under the laws of life a man's blood is made out of the food he eats. The blood by the mysterious evolvement of its life, forms nerves and tissues, bones and brains, so that a man's body and brains are made out of the food he eats.

Now the body and brain are so intimate in their relations that they assimilate or take on each other's impressions. Therefore, a man's body is made up chiefly of flesh taken from ugly pushing bulls, or of diseased and stall-fed cows, and his whole physical frame is saturated with the irritating and exciting condiments of what is popularly called good food, the whole bias of his bodily powers will be towards animalism. All the impressions and impulses that the soul receives from such a body are beastly and debasing. Like produces like in the formation of physical tissue out of food, as well as in the generation of stock in the stall. Hence I hold that very much of the wickedness of mankind is the natural expression of physical beastliness rather than the outflow of innate viciousness. A body made up largely of all manner of nerve-goading, passion-producing, anger-generating elements, such as are found in the gross animal dishes with their belongings, just as surely drives the soul to sin as a tempest drives a feather before it.

The kind of food a man eats and the time and manner of his eating it, are not merely a question of medicine but one of the first questions of morals. The effects of food on the passions and feelings are thus described by Prior:

> "Observe the various operations
> Of food and drink in several nations.
> Was ever Tartar fierce and cruel
> Upon the strength of water gruel?
> But who shall stand his rage and force
> When first he rides, then eats his horse?
> Salads and eggs and lighter fare,
> Tune the Italian spark's guitar:
> And if I take Don Confrere right,
> Pudding and beef make Britons fight."

If, therefore, our meat has something to do with our morals, or if our food in some way affects our faith, it seems to me that many of our efforts at moral reform ought to be preceded by instruction in hygiene. In other words efforts to make a man genuinely devotional ought to be prefaced by efforts to correct bad dietetic habits. A father, by prayer and precept and flogging had done his best to reform his boy, whose staple diet was meat and sausage, pie and cake at his meals with lunch between. The family physician in a streak of honesty said to the father, "If you will put a leech back of each of your boy's ears once a week for a month you will do more to reform him than your preaching and pounding will do in a year." The father asked for the philosophy of this prescription. "Why," said the doctor, "your boy has bad blood and too much of it, he must behave badly or he would burst." "Then," said the father, "I'll change his diet from beef and pie to hominy and milk." In three months thereafter a better boy for his age could not be found in the neighborhood.

The great problem of health reform as solved by a well regulated diet, has, therefore, a vital connection with all the social and moral reforms that are pressing upon the church and the state everywhere. Let us recognize this fact and address ourselves to the good work in our families, schools and churches, that whatever we do, whether we *eat* or *drink*, we shall do all to the glory of God. (Rev.) J. F. CLYMER.

Glens Falls, N. Y.

From The Rochester Democrat.

Apoplexy.

APOPLEXY is a sudden loss of consciousness and motive power, caused by the brain becoming through some agency inoperative. We find the name derived from a Greek verb "to strike." Hence the fearful announcement of its occurrence is that its victim has had "a stroke." It is well known that persons in advanced years are more liable to be thus stricken than young persons are, for which there exists an interesting physiological cause. In the structure of the human skull occurs, in the middle of the os parietale, a foramen, through which passes an artery and a vein, carrying out and bringing back the blood from the brain to the skin. In youth, when nature is vigorous and the circulation active, this means of relieving the brain is wisely provided and needful. Hence the quick suffusion of the cheek of youth with the tell-tale blush, revealing all so rapidly the impressions made upon the brain. As persons grow old this "foramen parietale" closes up and its functions entirely cease. It is at this period of life, generally at the age of sixty or thereabouts, that apoplexy is most common. This outlet for the blood being closed, the brain becomes more liable to congestion, especially in persons of sanguine temperament. May not the theory of the fatality connected with the attainment of the "grand climacteric", sixty-three years, have its foundation in this fact? To this cause also may be attributed the grayness of the hair at this period, and the general liability to baldness, owing to the absence of the vitalizing blood. It must not be inferred from this that there is any mistake here in our marvelous physical construction; on the contrary, nature, ever wise and kind, has in view our best interests by this arrangement. She would indicate by it that the human mind, as well as body, has passed its season of growth and vigor, and that for it henceforth must be permitted comparative repose, in which to enjoy the fruits of the past life's cultivation and labor; and he who disregards this teaching, making draughts upon his physical and mental constitution as of yore, will most assuredly be visited by an avenging Nature with the evils which she sends upon those who violate her laws.

To speak generally, and the brief limits of this article preclude detail, apoplexy is of three kinds, sanguineous, nervous, and that which results from metastasis (transferred disease). Sanguineous apoplexy may be produced by any undue excitement or excess in persons of plethoric habit; or when the architectural conditions of the body predispose to congestion of the brain, as short neck, etc. This form of the disease is more prevalent in England and continental Europe than with us; the more common type among Americans being nervous apoplexy, or apoplexia serosa. One prime agent in causing this form of the malady, especially with those of sedentary habits, is the living in close rooms in a high temperature, artificially obtained, by which the air becomes decomposed, losing its oxygen, and producing as a consequence decomposition of the blood; and just in proportion as an undue amount of serum prevails in this vital fluid, so the whole body becomes weak, sickly and chilly, and its equilibrium being thus destroyed, it is predisposed to apoplexy equally with the plethoric subject aforesaid. A case this in which extremes may be said to meet; repletion and depletion producing the same results. This sickness of the blood may be brought about by injudicious dieting as well, especially by the use of alkalies, soda, saleratus, potash, etc.

Another fruitful source of apoplexy, especially in this country, is metastasis, or transferred disease. Take, for example, that one so prevalent sickness, rheumatism; let us examine it for a little. There is probably no ill that flesh is heir to that a sensitive person can contract so readily as rheumatism; and the American constitution is sensitive. Let one sit by an open window when his body is warm, where the wind may blow upon him, or lie at night under insufficient covering, or, it may be, sleep in a draught, and what is the result? The sweat pores undergo spasmodic contraction, and the skin exhalations, charged with carbonic acid (for the skin performs the same functions in this regard as the lungs), are retained in and under the skin instead of being transpired, where they become acrid, and lead to inflammation of the serous and synovial membranes, as well as of the skin itself, causing muscular pain, with more or less of swelling, and producing that condition of things which we call "rheumatism." When accompanied by fever, it is rheumatic fever; but it is more commonly met with in a chronic form, and not infrequently the periosteum itself becomes inflamed, presenting symptoms so often described, as if the very bones were affected.

This state of things being established, the grand object is, how to become normal again; and from time immemorial the so-called specifics within the reach of every ignoramus for this wearing, distressing malady, have alike been without number and without efficacy. This would not be so sad were it not for the fact that in the great majority of instances these so-called remedies produce results worse than the original disease; for example, injudicious and ignorantly administered means and nostrums may and often do, translate the disease to some vital point, such as the brain, lungs, or heart, causing thereby instant death from apoplexy, or resulting in paralysis more or less prolonged. This we call metastasis, something to be dreaded and guarded against whenever rheumatism exists in the system.

Believing in the old adage that "the knowledge of a disease is half its cure," we feel no hesitation in asserting that rheumatism is perfectly curable under certain treatment. But in order to do this we hold that it is essential to eliminate the torturing rheumatic fluid thoroughly from the system, and not leave it in the miserable hope that it may wear itself out or to the more certain alternative that it will wear out its victim. G. A.

Our Home as Described by a Patient.

INQUIRY AND REPLY.

JULY 23, 1875.

DEAR MRS. ——— :—Will you please pardon my troubling you with the request for information concerning Dansville? I need it for the benefit of others. How do you find it for yourself? Is it a place where a young person of active temperament would die of *ennui*, or one somewhat of an epicure in eating would find nothing attractive on the table? Do worn-out people get a new nervous system as their advertisement holds out the hope of their doing? How do you occupy your time, muscles and mind?

Without having time for writing I venture on the liberty of thus hastily addressing you.

Very sincerely yours,

E. L. P———.

OUR HOME ON THE HILLSIDE,
Dansville, N. Y., July 26, 1875.

DEAR DR. P———:—I received your letter this afternoon and hasten to reply as briefly as I may. In the main I enjoy this place most heartily. The situation is very charming, the air delicious, temperature cool morning and

evening, occasionally a little too warm in the middle of the day. It is a very rare thing that there is not a fire in the public rooms in the morning. The water of the spring is very cool and delicious. See analysis of it in The Sanitarian for August with Dr. Bell's description, which I mail to you. The bedrooms are very comfortable, each one provided with a stove to burn wood. Prices vary from $7.00 to $15.00 a week according to situation. It is very common to go into a double room and take a room-mate, boarding-school fashion. Everything about the grounds, house, and dining room is very cleanly.

There is the most thorough system in every department and to an outside observer things seem to be carried on with the utmost smoothness. An epicurean would not be tempted here. The bill of fare includes beef, mutton, fish, eggs, butter and salt, tea and coffee; but for some of the patients these are prohibited articles. Dr. Jackson is not in favor of food which is highly concentrated or richly seasoned, nor of drinks which are stimulating, preferring those which are simply nutrient. There is plenty of good milk, an abundance of vegetables, all fruits in their season cooked and fresh, and grain food in all its varieties. The food is well cooked and neatly served, but is prepared without condiments. Neither spices nor vinegar is used. Fruit, vegetable and custard pies are served, but they are made with a simple Graham flour crust.

All service is simplified, consequently all our conventional forms of table service are done away with as much as possible. Those accustomed to luxurious habits of all kinds find life here quite disciplinary, but it is not unpleasantly nor harmfully so. It is Dr. Jackson's aim to teach to all who come here simplicity in diet, in being served at table, in dress, and many other directions. He is quite democratic in his ideas, basing them on what he believes to be christian principles.

One of the customs of the place is to draw your seat at table once a week, in order to break up cliques and promote general sociability and good feeling. To-day one may have the luck to have very congenial neighbors, but a week thereafter it may be directly the reverse. People rebel at these attempts to make oil and water mingle, but there is nothing left for them, if they stay, but to submit. He has very strong convictions in respect to the therapeutic effects of this particular feature of his institution, and urges upon his patients and guests to yield a cheerful assent to the rule. Every department of this establishment shows the impress of his ideas, and every patient who comes here feels more or less their force.

It is a constant surprise to me to see how much can be accomplished by the mind and heart of one man. To be sure, he has able assistants, but he is the controling personage. Any one who comes here should make up his mind to meet all classes of persons and to be civil with all with whom he comes in contact. He need not be intimate with any one. There is no regulation which does not apply equally to the rich and cultured and to the poor and uncultured. Except in the choice of a room and the privilege to have private baths and meals in one's room if one chooses to order them and pay for them extra, wealth brings no special favors. All persons will find enough people here who are congenial to them to satisfy their demands for society.

Time does not hang heavy on my hands. I rise at seven, breakfast at eight, attend prayers at nine, chat on the piazza with friends, or write or read in my own room until eleven; from eleven to twelve I am employed in taking some sort of a bath in the ladies' bath room, which is large and spacious, and where the various forms of baths are carefully given by attendants; the warmth of the water being regulated by the thermometer and the time of duration by the bath superintendent, according to written orders given by the physicians. Here, to me, comes in one of the less agreeable parts of the Institution. There is not the amount of privacy while taking baths, between persons of the same sex, that I should like, but it is as well as it can be on the plan adopted; nevertheless, this is a matter with which the lady patients get along without any essential drawback to their comfort or the general satisfaction with which they stay here.

After the bath I lie down for one or two hours as I may feel inclined, and generally sleep at least half an hour. At three we have our second and last meal for the day. Then we are allowed our letters and papers, it being considered not hygienic to have them before dinner. For the next hour or two after dinner I join in a game of whist, then read awhile or listen to some one else. Between six and seven I take a walk. Other lady patients at that time, perhaps, are taking baths. At nine we all retire; everybody is expected to be in bed by that time. Two preparatory gongs are rung, one at a quarter past eight, the other at a quarter to nine.

No one need die of *ennui* here if the state of health permits his or her enjoying the opportunities for amusement furnished. There are forty acres of woodland and hill-slope beautifully graded and laid out in foot paths, giving ample opportunity for shaded and clean walks, with ample provision for resting. There are no mosquitoes here, nor any malaria. Those who tire of the woods can take to the road or go to the village. Horses and carriages are on the stand here for hire and can be had at cheap rates. The country about is wonderfully beautiful, and there is a great variety of picturesque scenery to be witnessed by driving the various gorge, mountain and valley roads. The hill on which the Cure stands rises thirteen hundred feet

above the valley in which the village is located. Conesus lake is a lovely sheet of water, nine miles long and twelve miles distant. Hemlock lake is also beautiful. It is seven miles long and thirteen miles distant. Loon lake has its attractions but is much smaller. It lies almost on the top of the mountains, ten miles away. At these lakes parties visiting them can procure boats for rowing and fishing. At the head of Conesus lake Dr. Jackson has a cottage residence. To this spot the patients of Our Home frequently go, and can there obtain of his tenant a nice hygienic dinner if they choose to pay for it.

There is two miles away from the Cure a beautiful glen called Stony Brook Glen, which is coming to be a very famous place of resort. Besides these attractions there is a Shaker village ten miles distant. The roads in every direction here are invariably good. The village of Dansville, almost hidden by its foliage, lies at the foot of the hill slope. It has four thousand inhabitants. It has seven churches; one very fine and two very respectable hotels, a telegraph office and circulating library. As a place of business it is one of the largest and most flourishing of the villages in Livingston county.

Connected with the Cure there is a large hall or chapel in which Dr. Jackson lectures twice a week to any who please to attend. These lectures of his are always entertaining and generally very instructive. He is an able man; is a fluent and eloquent extempore speaker, very original in style and at times very humorous. He generally discourses to his patients sitting in a large easy chair. I think it is worth any one's while to make a stay here for the purpose alone of listening to his lectures. One cannot fail to get from them fresh inspiration to better living.

A frequent theme of his is the failure of christians to illustrate the divine life because of their want of conformity to the laws of life and health. I will quote one or two passages from his lecture: "In lack of the authority to make you absolutely submissive to my own thought in matters pertaining to health, all I can do is to summon you into the high court of your own individual reason to answer to it and to God, how it is you justify yourself for transgressions of the laws of life and health." "Give me the power to regulate the food and drinks of the population of this country, and I will take care thereby of two-thirds of the crime committed within its precincts."

Once a week the hall is opened for dancing from six to half-past eight p. m., good music being provided. Here all classes meet, from sub-doctors with their wives and husbands, to helpers, as they are called. The help is of the better class. Farmers' daughters, worn-out school-teachers, clergymen's daughters, and other young ladies of good edueation and good breeding being found here as workers, chiefly for the purpose of learning how to live so as to preserve health. Every now and then we have a musical entertainment, or a dramatic reading by some elocutionist. Once a week there is a prayer-meeting for devotional and religious services, and twice on Sunday unless there is preaching.

This is a place where people do recover from every form and degree of functional disease if they have vital force enough remaining to rally, and in addition are willing to give to Dr. Jackson their confidence, their obedience, and to be patient till changes for the better can be made. The testimony to this is abundant by their own word, and that of those who came sick and went away either well or on the road to health. Two cases occur to me. A young man came here many years ago stating that he was the youngest of six brothers; five of them had died of consumption, every one of them between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty. He was then twenty-eight, and was developing the same symptoms that his brothers had shown in the beginning of their decline. He remained under treatment here eighteen months and went home a well man. He has lived to be married and to have a family of children who show no traces of consumption. The second case was that of a gentleman from Indiana, a distinguished lawyer, who came here recently to make a visit of a few days. He was sixty years of age or more, I should think. He told me that he came here five years ago a wreck in health, being a martyr to inflammatory rheumatism, which he had had for twelve years. He was here three months, in which time he so much improved that he went to his home. He has never had a return of the malady. Judging from the details which he gave me, it was a case of the very severest type; only a strong constitution had saved his life. It was not until he felt that he had exhausted the resources of the *materia medica* that he yielded to his wife's earnest entreaties to try this place, which had seemed to him such a humbug.

Dr. Jackson says he is no magician, but if there is no organic disease and the conditions named above are fulfilled and complied with and people will give him the time to work the necessary changes in their organisms, he will promise health to every such person, no matter if their malady is the outcome of constitutional predisposition, or the result simply of unfortunate influences and bad habits of living. His theory is, that the same force by which we live, viz., Vital Force, will cure disease if the person is put in right relations to life, and obstructions internal and external to health removed. His motto is, "Power saved is power gained."

His methods are, careful attention to diet, adapting it to the individual case; such water treatment as seems to be healthful, always given in moderation; abundant rest and sleep; fresh air; plenty of sunshine, and in cases where it is especially needful, absolute restfulness of

mind and body. No medicine is ever given, no matter whether the case in hand is acute or chronic. He and his assistants have had twenty thousand patients, and of these ninety-five per cent. have been either so benefited while staying here that they have been entirely satisfied with their improvement, or have while here recovered good health.

One of the charms of the place is its entire freedom from conventionality. The most fashionably inclined soon lay aside their pet vanities in the way of adornment. No change of dress is needed except for varying temperature. Very many, the nature of whose diseases makes it desirable, are requested to adopt during their stay here a form of short dress costume, and to abandon corsets, garters, heavy skirts, and other inventions of the enemy. All who make this change luxuriate in the freedom of their limbs and the light weight of their clothing. Those who are confirmed in bad and unhealthful habits, and who, bound down by custom, cannot make up their minds to such departure from conventional styles, look with rather envious eyes on those who do change readily, and fall into the more desirable way when they find themselves countenanced in it by companionship.

This freedom from conventional imposition extends also to the arrangement of the hair. Very many ladies suffering from congestion of the brain crop it short. Others wear it loosely confined or flowing or perhaps braided down the back. All gradually drop the artificial puffs, coronet braids, switches and crimps, and are content to rely on their unassisted charms. Such is the spirit of the place and its teachings.

There are about one hundred patients here at present, and from fifty to sixty boarders who do not take treatment. The family is a constantly changing one. Some of the patients are confined to their rooms, but of those who are able to be about there are but few cases that would enlist your sympathies by their manifestly invalid appearance. The great majority is made up of both sexes who have long been sick and have failed to recover health under medicinal administration. The most of them are able to be about, take their food at the ordinary table and extract some of the sweet juices of life in the way of fun and frolic.

Dr. Jackson's son, James H. Jackson, and his wife, Mrs. Katy J. Jackson, who are at present students, the former at Bellevue Medical College in New York, the latter at the Blackwell Female Medical College in the same city, will soon graduate and take their places in the Institution as physicians. Whatever changes may take place, it is to be hoped that Dr. Jackson and his honored assistant, Miss Dr. Austin, will long continue to be at the head of the Institution, carrying the blessing of hope and cheer to the suffering and despondent who seek their aid and counsel.

I have written you thus fully in the hope that thus I may be the means in an indirect way of bringing the best of earthly blessings to some of my fellow creatures.

Believe me to be your sincere friend,

———— ————.

[Learning incidentally that this reply was written, we solicited it for our columns as giving an inside view of Our Home as seen by other eyes than our own. The lady who writes it intended it for circulation in her wide circle of friends, partly to save herself the trouble of answering the questions that were and would be asked her, and also to assist those seeking health in the selection of a place where they might reasonably expect to find it under pleasant and comfortable conditions. The lady's name, were we at liberty to use it, would carry with it great weight of influence, as she is highly cultured, has high social position and is widely known.—ED.]

Take Care of the Body.

UNDER this head the Boston Journal reports the Rev. Robert Collyer in a sermon, at Hollis street church, to have said:

Elijah had the feeling that he was the only man in Israel who could do anything, and the only worker for God. He thought he was about the only man left of the good old sort. He imagined that the whole weight of things lay on his shoulders, and never had got over the feeling that if he let go there was no one to take hold in his place. So at last the chords of his life grew to be like "sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh." He must wait till Heaven called him away, but he could ask Heaven to call him and he did.

It is well worth while to see just how it all ended, and how he was brought around to a better feeling.

First he was put to sleep. Then an angel woke him and fed him. (Mr. Collyer maintains, with Adam Clarke, that "the word translated ravens may just as probably mean the inhabitants of a neighboring village.") Then what did he do? Hold a prayer meeting? Not at all. He did just what thousands of ministers and merchants and lawyers and editors ought to do this vacation, he went to sleep again. Just how many times he repeated this we don't know. The Bible only tells us of twice; but he kept it up till he felt like a new man again and went off about his business.

God did this first, then healed the prophet's mind. He is told that all his fancies about his own importance are not true. He is told that he can do good work yet if he will, but if he wants to give up, why they can get along without him.

The lessons to us from all this are to bid us take care of our bodies. When the organ is broken you can't get music out of it. It is of no avail to have a clever brain if the stomach is out of order. One must be well to do well. A sick man will do sick work. Neither can you cheat yourself by turning from one kind of work to another. Do as Elijah did, go to sleep under the trees with a good angel ready to give you food when you wake up and keep you till you are well enough for work again. The true secret of life lies down at the bottom of things and means plenty of sleep and angel's food after it, and then more sleep and plenty of it.

We must not count the gloomy days when they come as of any great account, save as they drag us back to cheerfulness. They are only the dissonance in an instrument out of tune. It may seem sometimes as if hell had opened at our very feet, but we may be sure that the gates of life may still be ours for the winning. We may want to die but live we shall and find by and by that what seems to us the end was only the beginning.

A Vacation in Southern California.

FROM THE LETTERS OF A FRIEND.

YOU will wonder in what out of the way place I am now! A land of sage brush and cactus, I should answer if I looked only at the surface of things. We are about 350 miles from San Francisco, in San Bernardino county, which is one of the most southern counties of the state. I came here expecting to find a Paradise of vegetation and beauty, and a warmth almost debilitating. Imagine my first surprise when, on our ride after leaving the steamer, we were chilled to the bone and passed over a stony-looking desert clad in the sombre-tinted sage brush. I have enjoyed much in my two weeks' stay and like the country. The truth lies in the fact that the country is capable of producing anything when water is applied to it, but the supply is so scanty that under natural conditions it can be not much better than a desert, but when man collects the water from the winter rains and irrigates through the summer months, a Garden of Eden grows up around him. This is the land of the orange, the fig, lemon, pomegranate, walnut and olive; orchards of enameled verdure spring up at man's bidding and the rapidity of growth is something surprising.

The family with whom we are boarding live six miles from any neighbor. They form the nucleus of a prospective colony and have been here less than a year, have put up a nice house, set out fruit trees of all varieties, temperate and semitropic, and have broad acres for farming purposes. They have enough water for many hundred acres, but for miles beyond the canyons furnish no streams. If they can find Artesian wells the whole of this country will be a garden. The climate is superb; warm days tempered by a sea breeze which, blowing over heated plains, is robbed of its roughness, and nights cool enough to invite sleep. The eye gets wearied gazing over treeless plains and finds its rest only on the granite mountain tops which surround the valley. We ride out every day and walk as much as is possible in these unsheltered, dusty plains, where the brush is dried so that it crumbles between our fingers. We go off to the mountain canyons and spend the days out of doors where we find cool water and green shade. It is a restful place, and the complete freedom from all restraint is in itself a rest. We wear our morning dresses all day, and have wild game for meat entirely.

ON THE WAY HOME.

My companions have taken the interior route of 32 hours home by cars; I choose the coast route. Four days of stage riding brings us to within a day's ride of the city by cars. As I am in no hurry, and, moreover, as such continuous travel would be fatiguing, I lay off whenever and wherever I choose. Yesterday we rode 120 miles in 18 hours, starting at 4 o'clock in the morning. A more tired traveler never dropped from a stage box at ten o'clock than I. The journey is a charming one, over mountains and through valleys by the seaside, so that in places we rode through the surf, so narrow is the way at the base of the mountains. Rich pasture lands with flocks of many thousand sheep stretch away on every side, and the silence is unbroken save by the rattle of our own swift-flying coach or the shout of the shepherd boy calling his flocks. The driver—for my seat is on the outside—points out the ranches of noted owners, extending over thirty or sixty thousand acres. This ownership of large ranches is a curse to our state. A few years will see a great change in this respect. Here and there he points out a place of this or that murder, or scenes of violence between the Indians and Mexicans, there was where the stage was robbed in such a year, and here in a beautiful grove looking as though all thoughts of wrong or violence would be checked by the beauty of the scenery, two weeks ago, the driver had to deliver Wells & Fargo's box to masked men. Rather startling suggestions, considering the recentness of the date, which are soon chased away as we rapidly wheel into a more open country.

All of these towns are built up around the old Spanish missions, and the churches of the old fathers are still standing—solidly built of stone or adobe, of a peculiar but not ungraceful architecture, with gardens of olive, fig and orange and sometimes palms, raised from date seed brought from old Spain one hundred years ago. As they generally selected the most fertile and picturesque spots there was nothing to be done but build on the same sites and gradually replace the old with the new.

The proprietor of the hot springs where I am waiting has three hives of bees and, by not allowing them to swarm and by expelling the honey from the comb by centrifugal force and replacing the comb for the bees to fill successively, he gets five hundred pounds yearly from each hive.

This summer's trip has done me much good. I have lived out of doors in this dry mountain air, have rode every day from six to twenty miles, have seen and learned much that was new, and shall have traveled over four hundred miles by stage. My greatest trouble is in getting such food as I want. While I am not strictly a vegetarian I am a simple liver, a very simple liver as the world goes, and I find everybody's food too rich or too highly seasoned. My stomach so long accustomed to plainly dressed meats and vegetables and Graham bread rejects food laden with butter or fats. But oatmeal and cracked wheat are such fashionable additions to the table at present that I have been able to find them always, and plenty of fresh milk.

M. F. A.

The Relations of Doctors and Teachers.

[From an address before the American Institute of Instruction by Miss Anna C. Brackett of New York.]

IS IT not evident that, to secure the highest results, the medical and the educational professions should be working hand in hand, and in the most perfect connection? A child is sick or ailing. The anxious parent sends for the physician, and the case is laid before him. I challenge the contradiction of all parents who have employed physicians to the statement that in nine cases out of ten—nay, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred—the physician will at once recommend that the child be withdrawn from school, either permanently or temporarily; and this he does without any knowledge whatever of the character of the school to which the child goes, without any inquiry as to the means of ventilation, the length of recitation hours, the number of recesses, the ability or wisdom of the teacher. He also does it without exact knowledge as to the habitual clothing, the amount of sleep, the regularity and kind of food of the child who is weak and sickly. Nor does he know how many parties she has attended, in how many private theatricals she has taken part, how many hours she has sat before her piano or bent over her sewing, or how few hours she has spent in active exercise in the sunlight and fresh air. He does not ask for how many days in the cold of winter or the damp of spring her careful mother has sent her to school with her head and face carefully protected, while her feet were clad in the most delicate of cotton stockings and the thinnest of kid boots. Does he know of the rich cake and pastry, and the jars of sweet jelly which the kind mother provides for lunch? Does he institute any inquiry into the kind of books and papers which the child habitually reads? But these are just the inquiries which the educator of to-day knows to be a part of her business to make; the facts elicited are just the facts which she does know, against which she earnestly protests to parents and guardians, and against which she often invokes by letter and by personal request the aid of the family physician. It would be easy to gather by a few hours' inquiry of the teachers of larger girls' schools in the city of New York alone, facts as to these particulars which would astound the readers, even were some of them physicians. Each of us engaged in the work finds her own sad experience but fortified and certified in any conversation with another teacher. And, in the name of the women alone who have been for so many years engaged in this business, I protest against the injustice which lays the whole burden of the ill health of the children upon our shoulders. I protest against the thoughtlessness which would assume that, even for our own interest, we do not anxiously and studiously seek to secure and retain the most vigorous health for those under our charge. And I protest against the injustice which assumes that our only guiding motive in our professional work is our own interest.

Those of us who have girls boarding in our houses, and who are brought thus into still more intimate knowledge of their home-acquired habits and customs, know that the girls come to us sick and go away well. We know that they gain flesh and color while they are at school, and lose it often in the holidays. These things we state as facts well known to all of us. We know that we often find them insufficiently provided with warm under-clothing, and utterly unprovided with shoes thick enough to wear upon the street. We know their habits of eating, dressing, and sleeping when at home. And we claim that the health they enjoy under our care is the result of the simple hygienic measures of nutritious and well-cooked food, served at regular hours and eaten at no others; of an abundance of sleep, in well-ventilated rooms, of loosened clothes and thickened soles to boots. But, above all this, and yet working in harmony with it, we claim, and we rest our claim on the undisputed facts of physiological science in modern times, that their health is the result of regular and persistent mental activity, judiciously stimulated and controlled, and of a pure and healthful mental atmosphere, undisturbed by the study of the exciting and trashy stories with which the press is flooding all our homes.

It is doubtless easier to tell a mother, when her child is sick, that the child has been overworked at school, than to tell her, what is often the simple truth, that she, and she alone, through her weak indulgence, and often criminal ignorance of what her child has been eating, wearing, reading, talking, is the responsible party. It requires a high degree of moral courage in a physician, when called, not to prescribe one particle of medicine, but to insist upon the observation of the simplest sanitary laws. I sometimes think, in this view, that if the medical and educational professions could only be induced to work together, with an intelligent appreciation and understanding of each other's procedure, the two might reform the world. If I were sure that my hygienic prescriptions would be enforced by the family physician, I should be reasonably sure of the physical and intellectual development of many a girl whom I now look upon as a very doubtful case.

The two professions should work in concert when they work on school children. Can the physician successfully treat the child pathologically when he knows nothing of its psychological state? Ought the teacher to attempt her psychological work with a child who is at all peculiar, or, indeed, with any child, without knowing the pathological condition, which may baffle her wisest efforts? While we work apart

we are both working blindly. Half of the conditions of the problem are unknown to each of us, and many a problem must remain unsolved, while, if we would only unite our two branches of knowledge of the school children under our care, the whole would at once appear clear.

To the experienced teacher, each mind in her whole school stands out as distinctly from every other as each face. She knows how to touch each one, and she plays upon the different minds at need as surely as the skillful pianist touches the keys of his instrument. She knows her children in sunshine and shade, in work and play, in success and failure, in all the different phases which the different studies of school life call forth in them. She knows also their daily physical habits often as accurately as the mother. Has the physician nothing to gain in profiting by her keen professional tact? Has the teacher nothing to gain by knowing the physical condition of the pupil whom she is to guide and fashion?

This is not possible? Let me give you an instance where it has been tried. A school girl of 12, who had been long near-sighted, was sent to one of our most distinguished oculists for examination. Her teacher, soon after, was requested by the mother to call, and was informed that in all probability the girl would have to give up all school work. The eyes were to be treated with atropine, and it would probably produce a state of dilatation which would admit of no study.

These were the physical facts; now for the mental, which only the teacher could thoroughly know. The girl was a successful and interested student, with a mind just beginning to develop, as minds so often do at that age, into a wondering first appreciation of its own power, and the marvel and beauty before it. She was a very ambitious girl, absorbed in her work—for its own sake, and not with any idea of excelling others—fairly in love with her school and its duties, always in her place, always faithful. Specially, she was just beginning her Latin translation, and just beginning fully to realize the use of all the forms and rules which the last two years had been accumulating. The teacher knew her well enough to know that taking her out of her school, and away from her work, would be like taking the mainspring out of a watch. And she also knew that in that case the bodily health could not fail to be affected so that medical treatment of any organ must fail of some of its results.

She determined to test the possibility of united action of the two professions, asked and obtained from the mother permission to consult the physician. She sent up her card to the oculist, stating that she wished to see him about the child whose eyes he had examined on such a day. Once in the office, to which she was most cordially welcomed, though it was at the close of a long and wearying professional day, she stated her case, expressing her belief that the psychological side was of immense importance even in a pathological view. The oculist, with the same frankness and absence of formality that one physician is accustomed to show to another, recognized at once the truth of the statement, and, immediately turning to his note-book, gave her in full the result of his examination as there recorded. Then, taking up the chalk and rapidly sketching upon the black-board cornea and sclerotica, ciliary muscles and iris, crystalline lens and retina, showed the teacher, who, also accustomed to such professional work, as rapidly followed, the exact condition of the eyes in question. He then stated how he proposed to treat the case, and what the child would and would not be able to do. "Could she practice on her arithmetic examples, provided she could have the use of a black-board and make her figures six inches long?" queried the teacher. "Certainly, and she need not make them quite so long," responded the physician. "Then the work can be arranged without her losing anything but writing and drawing, which, of course, must be given up," was the answer. The thing was settled. Her class examples were set her every day on a well-lighted black-board; her Latin and French she learned, and her Latin and French exercises she wrote by means of one of the older pupils, who acted simply as eyes and hands for her, and in so doing gained a valuable review for herself; her physiology she learned by listening while one of her own class studied her lesson aloud.

The physician took pains to do all his examination and administer all his direct treatment on Saturdays, or before 9 a. m., and thus working in closest harmony, the teacher carrying out the physician's plans as the treatment progressed, and the physician not interfering with her work, the result was this: The girl went through the whole atropine treatment for many weeks, and is now using her eyes again, very much improved. During that whole time she never lost one single moment of her regular school-work or one of her lessons. The delight and relief which she felt when she found she need not be cut off from her work made her radiant with life. She learned more accurately with her ears alone than most of her companions with both ears and eyes, developed her power of close attention and memory in a most wonderful degree through all the treatment, and now stands unquestionably among the very foremost in her class in accuracy, thoroughness and clearness of thought, as well as in bodily health. Such is the result of one experiment in co-operative work.

Mrs. F. M. Barclay Felch.

PERMANENT ADDRESS of Mrs. F. M. Barclay Felch, 42 Laflin street, Chicago, Ill.

In Memoriam.

SINCE our last issue our dear and honored friend Rev. Mrs. Celia Burleigh has passed through prolonged and painful illness down to the gates of death. The world can ill spare her whom the heavens open to welcome—the world so dear to her for its whitened fields inviting her to thrust in the sickle to gather its ripened sheaves. Each year new opportunities for usefulness were presented her, new calls for what she had richly to give, and which she chafed to heed, reached her ear; but another call, resistless though kindly, came, and reluctantly at first, then resignedly, at last joyfully yea triumphantly, she obeyed.

A mutual friend whose name appears below sends us this communication:

"And so our dear Mrs. Burleigh is gone. I knew very little of this remarkable woman until the year before her departure for the spirit land. That year we were related as patients in the sanitarium under the charge of Dr. James C. Jackson on the beautiful hillsides of Dansville. I had been pretty well acquainted in other days with her poetic husband and had conceived a very high opinion of his ability and consecration as a speaker and a reformer and my interest in him gave me an agreeable introduction to her. Her face would always kindle with feeling when any reference was made to Mr. Burleigh.

The experiences of Mrs. Burleigh in married life were somewhat peculiar and doubtless did much towards making her as reserved and careful a woman as she was in social life. She had separated from her two former husbands by divorce, and without any doubt these divorces had been the finality of a wretched married life. That this honored woman was not the cause of the disasters of her married life is evident to me because of her delightful association with her last husband, and especially because of her own excellent social qualities.

Mrs. Burleigh had passed in her life-time through a great variety of experiences on the subject of religion; she began life as a Methodist, having professed to be converted among that people when she was a girl at school. She afterwards became a Universalist, was subsequently greatly interested in Swedenborgianism and then united with the Unitarians and finally became a free religionist. These surging changes in the religious thought of Mrs. Burleigh were not friendly to great quietness of religious feeling, so that for the most part of her life she doubtless took on the type of a religious disputant, and was always ready to question the statements of people who were of another opinion than her own, but nevertheless, during the time I knew her she was very fixed, and enjoyably so, in her religious faith. If any one thing was true of Celia Burleigh this was true of her, *she was a religious woman.* Her ability as a clear clean writer is very well known to the country and especially to the readers among her co-religionists, and if her life had been spared her plans of authorship would have resulted in writings that would have given her a firm place in the literature of this country.

But after all, the chief beauty of Mrs. Burleigh's character was in her queenly charity. At last she had very little of this world's goods to give, but she *did* give. I shall never forget her response to an old school mate of hers, a woman who had fallen away from the paths of purity and who in her desperation of want after many years of separation from Mrs. Burleigh wrote to her, begging for money. Mrs. Burleigh said to me, "I *must* help her; if it takes my last dollar I must help her," and the next mail carried twenty-five dollars to the disowned and broken-hearted Magdalen.

Mrs. Burleigh was very noticeable in the social circle. She was elegant in her person, a keen listener, sharp at repartee and clear in her own statements, until she became the charm of every company to which she belonged.

G. W. WOODRUFF.

Fall River, Mass.

Feeding Infants.

FROM the Sanitarian:

Some writers recommend "oatmeal farina for infants, as preventing diarrhœa, as being nearer in its effect than any other food to that of human milk, and even equal to a good nurse." In the cases which have come under my notice where it has been used, it has been most satisfactory. The oatmeal had better be boiled, strained, and the strainings boiled with milk. Sometimes, when boiled in water alone, it moves the bowels unduly.

There are several preparations of wheat in market, viz., Heeker's wheaten grits, Smith's crushed wheat, and Bentz' granulated wheat, the last being a new preparation, and having claimed for it the removal of all dirt from the wheat berry, and a portion of the branny coat or woody fibre. All of these wheat preparations may be used as oatmeal is, and are valuable. It is claimed, and I believe with reason, that the prevalence of decayed teeth, in these times, is largely due to the absence in the dietary of cereal foods, either of berries crushed or whole, refining and softening the food, but refining and softening the teeth. The cheapness and nutritiousness of these foods render them useful in the feeding of children.

A friend who has had much experience has found that farina gruel has agreed remarkably well with young infants that cannot have the mother's milk, and she gives these directions for preparing it:

"Make of farina a simple gruel, cooking at least twenty minutes; add a few spoonfuls of milk when cool, for the amount the child will eat at once. Great care should be taken that the temperature of the food be the same at each time of feeding. Much mischief is done by giving a baby a warm meal at one time and a cold one the next."

The Laws of Life and Journal of Health.

FANNY B. JOHNSON, MANAGING EDITOR.

EDITORS.

HARRIET N. AUSTIN, JAMES C. JACKSON,
JAMES H. JACKSON, KATY J. JACKSON.

OUR PLATFORM.

GOD has so created and related Man to Life on Earth that—casualties aside—in order to live free from Sickness and die from Old Age, he needs only to understand and obey the Laws upon which Life and Health depend. Therefore as Christians, as well as advocates of a new Medical Philosophy, we insist

1. That Sickness is no more necessary than Sin.
2. That the Gospel demands that Human Beings should live healthfully as well as righteously.
3. That within the sphere in which they are designed to operate, Physical Laws are as *sacred* as Moral Laws are, and that mankind are as truly bound to obey them.
4. That obedience to Physical Laws would do away with Disease, and that Instead of an uncountable number of ailments, which smite them all along from Infancy to mature manhood—casualties aside—persons would die of Old Age.
5. That in order to be cured of *any disease*—no matter what—one needs simply to be brought within the range of operation of the Laws of his Organism, and to be so related to them that they can work *unobstructedly*, and he can not fail to get well.
6. That, therefore, the only sound philosophy upon which to proceed to treat the Sick with a view to their restoration to Health, is to employ such means and such *only* as, had they been properly used, would have kept them from *getting sick*.
7. That the right to use one's powers and faculties neither originates in nor depends upon sex, but upon the possession of an intellectual and moral nature, and inasmuch as woman possesses this as truly as man does, her right to use whatever powers and faculties belong to her is equal with man's.
8. Hence we advocate such reformation in our Government as will place woman in all respects on an equality with man before the Law.

Such are our Principles, and we respectfully commend them to the consideration of the People, and entreat the Wise and Good to assist us in their promulgation.

Minerva's Letter.

CLOSE following Margaret's letter which furnished occasion for a criticism on our social customs in the last number, comes from another lady another letter the counterpart of the first. Both are veritable epistles and both show how lightly are esteemed all the cares and duties and onerous labors of housekeeping, how little are regarded the convenience, the plans, the comfort of the housekeeper.

Why should they be regarded? Housekeeping has not attained to the dignity of a profession. Most housekeepers are beggars. They toil with infinite labor, they engineer the innumerable, most involved and intricate affairs of a family with infinite energy, they execute the details of the never ending round of duties needful to make a comfortable, not to say luxurious, home with infinite pains, and it is all taken as a matter of course—only noticed if not done—and not a handful of them all have a salary. If a housekeeper who is a wife wants a little money to buy a paper of pins or a shilling calico gown she must ask her husband for it; if she is able to have and wants a seal skin cloak, she must ask for that all the same, and if she gets it, it is as a favor and not as rightfully her own.

I know very well that the dear creatures are loved, adored and worshipped, but love is not always mercy, adoration respect, worship justice, and I am sure that this world will always be out of joint, will never come into harmony, until justice works with love in all the small as well as large affairs of life.

The girls who work for hire are paid their wages and can go and do with it as they please, but she for whom they are hired is called to account for the last dollar given her and takes as a boon the next. Why, therefore, should those not of her own household respect a housekeeper's rights and feel bound to subject their own convenience or pleasure to hers?

I need not sharpen my pen for this matter. Minerva's innocent letter sets it forth pretty clearly, that housekeepers have no rights which the public are bound to respect.

THE LETTER.

Dearest:—Do not believe me dead or sleeping. I have not had an hour for a month without company or care. Have had to change kitchen girls twice and am now without one, my cook stands at her post but is not very strong and I feel I must favor her in every way. Baby's nurse has gone and also Ruby's, and my general care taker is making preparations to be absent for a month of rest, so that life was never thicker nor with less help to brave it. My body is well and strong but my head gets so tired that I am dumb sometimes.

Groups of friends, one after another, have visited us, from Boston, from Philadelphia, from New York; the sculptor who executed the statue just placed in our park and his friend were with me all through the erection, then a lady who has wealth and scatters it all along her pathway came and took away for a delightful trip to the summer resorts the companion who when here relieves me of much thought and care of the children.

A darling child whom I love is very ill of a slow fever, it is more than possible it may wear her out. Her mother is in despair. She sent continually and repeatedly for me last week and I went and went again but my own overwhelming cares would not let me be gone. I wish I could stay a couple of days with her but home calls are imperative. I must be there.

The baby of another friend suddenly sickened while its parents were away and the chances are

against the sweet child, and how can I help going to look after it? As I returned from there last night, whither a friend came to fetch me, and sat down in my room to take breath before undressing, there poured over my soul like liquid fire the feeling that life is but "*labor and sorrow.*"

My husband away, my children asleep and so not calling out my gratitude in their active life, the feeling well-nigh broke me down that everybody who cared at all for my love (which to pour out on somebody is always my refuge in such sorrowing times) was too far away to need or accept it, except in a vague, spiritual, passive sense which did not satisfy me at all and I groaned in agony.

Saturday morning after my motherly friend had started on her pleasure trip and I was dashing about house with a snap that was prodigious, I said to myself, eight o'clock to night shall find my tasks done, my sick brother visited, an hour at the dentists over with, and everything ready from the market and fruit stores for Sunday; but while I was obeying a call up stairs to "make out more bills" for a Saturday's collection, a lady from town walked in to spend the day—cool and easy, boards at a large hotel, servant, carriage and horses, no children, life one perfect holiday, how could she know the piles of things crowded into my poor Saturday? Her things off, and a carriage load of callers drove up. As politely and soon as I could I set these friends to entertain each other and resolutely shut myself away to complete my desk-work, but thoughts of dinner and dessert would creep in, and finally I paid a visit to the kitchen, and paying a visit, cost a two hour's sweat over boiled custards, etc. After tea our friend went home and a half dozen others called and at 9 o'clock p. m. I rushed in to market and had the happiness to find my husband just arrived on the train, and to drive slowly out with him.

I said to him, "as I can't have any summer vacation with you, can't we have to-morrow all to ourselves for a good visit together? That was settled in our minds and I went to sleep feeling—"well life is not all labor and sorrow, for, see here now, the children are well, there is no great dinner to broil over to-morrow, but after church a long ride with my darling husband." I was rested by the very thought of it.

After breakfast which was early who should come on foot "sachel bag" in hand but young Mr. Goodspeed and his wife from Washington. I never saw her before and the Lord forgive my saying, I never want to again, for here I am Monday evening almost wanting a coffin like that other fellow who was "talked to death." They came on business, knowing this was the only time they could find us both at home, and away went all the bright anticipations of the night before. First I got breakfast, then dinner, then tea, and listened to the brisk and easy running at the mouth of the wife. It was after all a charming loquacity in that it required no answer, only your strictest attention, and was continued through all seasons, invading nursery, store room and china closet alike, neither running high nor low, but like the steady whirr of a fulling mill losing neither pitch nor time."

FROM A CARD A WEEK LATER.

"The last straw has broken my back to-night. Baby is sick and I am nursing him, and a gentleman, wife and child from a distant city, perfect strangers to me, dropped at my door at six o'clock for an over Sunday visit, and another gentleman came from St. Louis. I was struck down entirely for these must all have care and I am in an agony about my darling."

ANOTHER CARD.

"There is nothing for me to do but to take children and nurses and go away from home to the sea shore. May the grace and beauty of Christ's patience under trial keep you and me and us all and make us feel that life is not *all* labor and sorrow and that another life will be better than this."

This, I take it, is but a fair specimen of the condition of things in many and many a household. Minerva and her husband, in the warmth and generosity of their large heartedness, have all their married life been accustomed to keep open house. They have it in their plan to be prepared at every meal to seat some other than their own family—a friend or a business acquaintance. Minerva's sympathies extend to all the highest and lowest and all are accustomed to come to her for advice and help, and her large acquaintance runs through all grades of society.

If she were omnipotent nothing in the universe would suit her better than to take every body in and care for them, and her own grand omnipotency would be the last thing she would think of; but being human and subject to the laws of matter and being withal a wife and mother as well as housekeeper, she has human and wifely and motherly needs. Why, her heart will be starved and her body killed at this rate before she has lived out half her days. Poor woman. Will no body pity her?

It is natural that company should throng this house—this cheery, home-like, open-doored, flowery, bowery, beautiful house,—no one can blame people for wanting to come here; but it is not a hotel, was intended for family use and by some means there should be some chance for domestic privacy and home enjoyment secured to it as to every house that is a home.

Seems to me it is a loose way of doing business for Mr. Goodspeed and his wife to come in on these people and take up their precious Sunday and stay over Monday too, without first by letter or telegraph finding out if it will be convenient to those who are expected to entertain them to receive and care for them; that Mrs. Naryacare should send out her liveried servant to learn if it would be entirely agreeable to Mrs. Brighthead to have her come and spend a Saturday; that the carriage load should consider whether it might not be more kindly for them to send in their cards to let the lady know that they thought of her and would show her attention, rather than to go in and take up her time; that the business men and their wife and child should go to a hotel and wait until Monday to do their business—by all means they should. If they do not hold a Sunday sacred they are bound to respect the sacredness of family Sunday opportunities and forbear to intrude;—and so on to the end of the chapter.

FANNY B. JOHNSON.

For the Laws of Life.

Ninety-four Window Curtains!

THAT looks enterprising, does it not? It may suggest forty-seven new rooms but the facts do not quite justify such a supposition since some of them have three or more windows. I never had a taste for statistics or I would count and tell you just how many there are, but I think on the whole it will be quite definite enough to say that there are ninety-four windows.

We are too proud of what we are doing to keep still about it. Indeed quiet has not been a characteristic of our work since its commencement, for unlike the building of Solomon's Temple the noise of hammer, saws, trowels, spades and picks has been heard from dawn until dark six days in the week the whole vacation through. Perhaps, however, such a disturbance is excusable in our case for we haven't forty and six years for the completion of our temple, but must have our repairs made and our house swept, garnished and furnished by the 15th of Sept. At the first of the vacation, letters from our friends were so encouraging that we called together a small army of mechanics and commenced, with modest ideas, what we called a few repairs. First we would have a new dining room; the old one was too small and not sunny enough. By taking the southwest corner of the basement we should secure sunshine the winter through. New bath rooms were indispensable and a new pantry and laundry much to be desired; these with a few more dormitories would certainly meet our full demand.

But it is wonderful how many undiscovered inconveniences come to light when you have a carpenter on the premises. We had never realized how unpleasant it was to have the little folks go to the second story for their schoolroom, nor had we discovered how a very little(?) work would make for us a place on the first floor just adapted to the wants of our kindergarten. Another room occupied by a few books and many spiders proved the very spot for the Principal's office; to be sure there must be a new door put in and shelves taken out and painting done, but there was the gain of a room. And we are trying to enlarge our borders, for our friends are still asking for a place with us, and we are glad to tell you that we need just four times the room that we occupied last year.

The result of all this increase and these improvements is a call for ninety-four new window shades. They are to be of white muslin, some one must cut and baste them for the machine; I rather think I had better get off my stilts and enlist in that service.

SUSAN A. JONES.

Hillside Hygienic Seminary.

Pilferings

FROM OUR MAIL-BAG.

From a Minister.—The August number of the Laws reminds me again of my promise to send you "squibs" for your journal. I am thoroughly ashamed of myself for neglecting you so long. My great excuse is that my manner of preaching is extemporaneous and my method of composition is largely mental and manual, and this habit spoils me for preparing manuscripts for the printer. I am centering all the strong forces of my life in my pulpit work, and this with my pastoral work so completely absorbs me that I do very little writing for the press. The inspiration has come on me of late to do more writing and God helping me I will. If I do not write you I talk for you and yours all the while. There is scarcely a sermon I preach but the philosophy of Our Home finds its way into it. There is scarcely a social gathering but the animus of Our Home may be seen in my manner and habits. Indeed with Christ as a basis the whole superstructure of my life has been reconstructed, my manhood is broader, my soul is larger and my whole being has cumulated a potency of thought and feeling that is a daily joy to me and mine. My time of rest draws near and I am looking with joy to the hour when I shall set foot on your Hillside. Better than Saratoga, better than Long Branch, better than camp meetings is Our Home for jaded ministers and overtaxed merchants, to rest. With you I have hitherto found more that invigorates my body, quickens my mind and inspires my soul than at any other place of resort I have ever visited.

[We could wish some others of our good friends would catch the inspiration to write.—ED.]

From a Teacher.—I am happy to tell you that I am able to resume teaching this fall in Wellesley College near Boston. As the years go round my gratitude to you increases for your kindness to me both professionally and socially, and now in preparing again to teach in a great institution I feel my year at Dansville was a special preparation for my work, not only in the recovery of my health but in giving me so many ideas that will be of constant service. Some time I hope to visit you. I want to see those beautiful hills again; they helped to make me well and strong and so became part of my life. How many people love those hills! How many love you all who have made them accessible to weary invalids and overworked people who never had time before to watch sunsets and sit under trees! God bless you all, my dear friends. If all who have shared your kindness pray for your happiness as earnestly as I you will be happy. ELLEN GOW.

The Cure is the Right Place for the sick to get well. I can look back with pleasure to the three months I spent on the hillside. What I gained by being there will always be a benefit to me. Besides I have spent many a pleasant day, and eaten many a good meal at your bountifully spread table. It always does me good, rests my tired brain, puts new energy into me, and fits me for the many duties devolving upon me to go up even for a few hours and participate in the many privileges afforded by Our Home. JANE D. MCNAIR.

My Little Boy has been Ill so that he has required all my time and attention. The season has been very trying, and he is growing so fast that it takes all his strength, but within the last fortnight he seems to have a new hold on life and looks as well as ever. No doctor entered the house; I was able to be nurse and doctor too, thanks to my Dansville experience. MRS. T. B.

From Our Reporter.—It is now three months since I left Our Home, and thanks to the teachings I received there during those eighteen months my health has steadily continued to improve, and now I am a wonder to myself as well as to my friends who knew me in the old days of sickness and pain. What a contrast between my present condition and what it was the first time I heard you lecture in Liberty Hall. I firmly believe that had I never gone to the Hillside I should not now be among the living. Since I left the Cure I have been in nearly a dozen different states of the Union and also in Canada, and although I could not at all times live strictly hygienieally my health has been uniformly good, and I expeet it will be still better, if possible, a year hence. I am everywhere struek by the lack of common sense displayed by the people with regard to the laws of life and health. Of eourse I am considered odd, so far as my manner of livlng is eoncerned, and people are disappolnted also that I do not have fever and ague as well as themselves, for they eannot or will not see any relation between their poor health and their bad ways of livlng. When I was working eleven hours a day at my desk they said: "It is all very well for in-door work, but you could not labor on a farm and live as you do;" but for the last two weeks I have demonstrated to them in the hay and harvest field that I was not at all their inferior in strength and endurance.

I scrupulously send my Laws where I think they will be welcome, and doubt not that the time will come when the prineiples of health and right living as taught at Our Home on the Hillside will be everywhere studied and praetieed. It is needless to say that I thiuk of you all very often and hope some day to see you again. W. K. SMALLEY.

No Place like Our Home.—I think of all the dear people on the Hllllside a great many times every day, and although I have a pleasant home I find myself often wishing that I could be one of your number ,and perhaps my deslre in that direction is the stronger from the faet that I feel the need of all the means and influenees there used for the recovery of health. Still I am very grateful for my stay there and hope that I shall be enabled to make the very best use of what I learned. I find it is mueh harder to llve right here than there, and one needs a great deal of chrlstian fidelity in order not to yield the ground and to live up to his convietlons of duty. There are so many opposing influenees on all sides. I really eaunot see why the Right must always be fought against so desperately. I have found by experlenee that what you used often to tell us is true,—that the Cure was the best plaee for the sick, and so I would say to all those at the Cure for treatment, stay as long as you possibly can. To me there is no place on earth quite equal to the Hillside. I await rather impatiently eaeh month the arrival of the Laws and peruse it eagerly. When I am inelined to get discouraged I think of what you said to me the day I left, "Be a fool two or three years and then you will kuow something," and so take eourage anew. I hear from Mrs. Clark quite often. She is getting along nicely and is full of zeal for the eause. We have but two meals a day, get our flour from Dansville and send to Akron, O. for oatmeal, and are trying to live as near right as we ean. I have firm faith in your teachings and am thankful every moment of my life that I was led to know the truth.

W. M. TALCOTT.

The Editor of the Boston Journal of Chemistry says: I think your Journal and Institution are aeeomplishing a good work in the hygienie influenees they exert.

Wife and Boy.—When our baby was about two weeks old its mother took eold and was quite sick. The neighbors advlsed a great many remedies, sald she must have the doetor, and thought she would not live. Her trouble settled in her limb: it was swollen from the knee down very badly and she thought she should never walk on it again, and that she had better have a doetor. I told her I thought I could help her, so I went to work at it, showered it, kept It wet in bandages, that was all, and in two weeks it was quite well. Our boy, twenty months old, is a perfect pieture of health, and so elever. Every one who sees him remarks how healthy he looks. He sleeps well nights and two or three hours in the daytime; runs out doors a great deal and eats usually two meals a day, and sometimes a piece at night when he ealls for it. W. B. VINCENT.

From a Lawyer.—I am mueh better than when I left Dansville, am living on two meals a day strietly accordlng to Hillside rules, and flnd I am daily getting better. In other words I am clearing up like a summer sky. Am worklug every day, but take it easy. Mrs. B. and little daughter are in excellent health. C. P. BLACK.

A New Woman.—My health, you will be gratified to learn, is very comfortable, and I often think, as applieable to myself, of the term "reeonstrueted," and ean indeed almost feel myself to be a new Mrs. Welling. SARAH D. W.

Under the Roof-Tree.

Features of Beautiful Homes.

A PINK AND GRAY ROOM.

I PROMISED to tell you something about Mary Hateh's house. I will deserlbe the spare chamber, as I was mueh pleased with it. To begln, then, at the foundation (for I mean to go into details) the walls are covered wlth plaln paper, Freneh gray in color. At the top of the eelling was a gilt mouldlng about two lnehes wide to hang pletures from; below this a borderlng, gray ground-work, with pink roses in long sprays; thls was finished wlth a very narrow gilt moulding. The palnt was white. The panels of the doors and the mouldlng of the base-board were tinted to mateh the paper. Carpet of whlte mattlng. Chamber set of white plne, palnted and varnished to match the paper on the walls. The Freneh bedstead had bouquets of roses on the head and foot-boards, a seroll-work of gllt and whlte outlined the edges; the dressing-case, eommode and ehalrs matched. At the windows were plain white shades with drab tassels; over these, full eurtaius of white Swiss, open in the eentre; at the top of the window was a board about an ineh in width and slightly rounded, from which was fastened a lambrequin made of pink eambrie, eut in two scollops and covered wlth Swiss muslin, and edged wlth an imitation of gulpure laee; to finish the top was a box-plalting, made of lengthwise muslin, doubled and plaited in the middle, and taeked on with small silver-headed taeks; the eurtains were looped up with pink ribbon. On the dressing-ease was a pink ground glass toilet set; mats made of white wash canvas embroidered with pink worsted, a plneushion, pattern of gray beads filled in with pink floss slik; on one side of the glass hung a hair reeeiver, made of preforated eardboard worked with the same silk; on the other side, a hairpin reeeiver made of a collar box filled with wool wadding eovered with a erochet eover made of pink worsted; a strip of eardboard worked with worsted and bound on each edge with pink ribbon, was fas-

tened around the outside; over the commode was a towel rack, a pattern of gray beads filled in with the same floss silk; on each side of this was a tiny bracket made of whitewood carved, with a little Parian marble bust on it. On the mantle shelf (a marble slab with bronze brackets) was a pair of white ground glass vases with a bunch of roses in "decalcomanie" on them; they were filled with pressed ferns; above them hung one of Prang's beautiful chromos of flowers in a whitewood frame; each side of the dressing-case were pictures of Prang's autumn leaves in passe-partout frames, with drab mats and finish. The pillow shams were made of white Swiss muslin, with a deep hem, and trimmed with the same lace as the lambrequins, and lined with pink cambric. The toilet quilt was pink and white, and the cover on the table the same. I noticed several handsome books on it. At one window hung a goblet, minus the bottom; it was filled with moneywort growing, and was incased in a crochet cover and a tassel on the bottom. In one corner was a large comfortable-looking chair which, on inquiring, I learned was made from an old worn-out Boston rocker which came from mother's garret. With the aid of an old quilt, some cotton batting and a few tacks, it made a nice chair. It was covered with French cretonne, a gray ground with garlands of roses. An old band-box was converted into a footstool by cutting a piece from the top to make it shallower, and covering the same as the chair. In one corner was a pine bracket covered with mosses and lichens; there was a large shell on it filled with autumn leaves. A very handsome mat, in front of the bed, was made from a remnant of velvet carpet, bought for a trifle, with a piece of bordering that matched the carpet sewed around; it had a gray ground-work, with clusters of roses and buds, and made as handsome a mat as one that cost a good deal more money.

Now, I think I have told you all about this charming room, and one great beauty of it is its moderate cost; in these days of panic this is quite a consideration. Most of the things, besides the furniture and carpet, Mary made herself, or they were given her when she was married.

The Small Arts of Living.

BY all means finish the walls and floors of your cellars with a good coat of cement. If you must let any part of your house go unfinished let it be your parlor or sleeping room rather than your cellar; and for this good reason. We all recognize the circulation of the air above ground; very few of us think of the circulation below the surface. All through the porous earth the atmosphere is in constant motion, following the changes in temperature. If you dig a hole in the ground and span it over with a house and then heat up the house as we do in winter by furnaces and stoves, this hole becomes much warmer than the ground around. The warmer air, as every one knows, is lighter and tends to rise through all the upward avenues, and the cooler air from all directions presses in to fill the vacuum.

Now it oftener than otherwise happens that the soil around a house is very much soiled by the waste of the house. All the dirty dish water which soon becomes putrescent, all the dirty suds from the cleaning, washing and bathing have been soaked into the ground for generations, perhaps. Your stables and cow yards and pigstys and privy vaults are not far away and those of your neighbors are within sweep of the underground currents which set your way.

The air comes pressing through this saturated soil, bringing whatever of impurity it may take up, into this warm cellar and following the ascending current finds its way into your sitting and sleeping rooms and you and your children, perforce, take it in with your breath. To say the least it is not clean, it is liable to be poisonous. Thus it appears that it should be shut out of the cellar, and the best way known is to line the cellar with cement.

Asphaltum cement or coal tar cement, if it can be had, is excellent as it helps keep the air sweet and is not likely to be broken by rats, whereas the ordinary Roman cement, unless it is made very thick, will be entered by them.

At a hotel or railroad station, away from home conveniences, in your sick room with no one to wait upon you, you may still break the lump of ice that is brought you if you have but a spare pin, especially if you have a black pin. A black pin is made of steel and it is surprising how readily its sharp point will part the solid ice simply by pricking it. A needle would do the same, but having no head is not so easily managed. A brass pin needs a little driving to part the ice.

If you get a grease spot from the buttered lunch on your new linen Ulster the first day it is worn you need not wait for the garment to be washed before removing the grease. When you take it off at night cover the spot heavily on the wrong side of the goods with the shavings or powder of French chalk, and hang it away. In the morning, or at least after a day, the grease will be absorbed and the chalk is readily brushed off. Apply it the second time if needed, and there is no great harm in putting it on the right side of some goods.

Look out for the new moth which is about the size of a bedbug and covered with short dark hairs. It is very destructive and does not confine itself to woolens. Houses that are well lighted and aired and used are not so likely to be infested by them. They will find dark corners which are not often disturbed, like carpets under pianos and book cases and sofas. It is well to keep such parts slightly tacked so they can be examined, and to run a hot iron over them often—if a damp cloth under it all the better—or it might be more convenient to heat bricks and lay them on a strip of damp cloth all along the edge of the carpet, leaving them until cool. Arsenic can be used with safety under the edges of Brussels carpets and along the seams of the floors, but is not safe on thin carpets, especially when children are creeping about. Camphene sprinkled freely about a carpet is good against the common moth, or, in place of it, benzine is effectual.

From Rural New Yorker.

To Purify a Sink.—In hot weather it is almost impossible to prevent the sinks becoming foul, unless some chemical preparation is used. One pound of copperas dissolved in four gallons of water, poured over a sink three or four times, will completely destroy the offensive odor. As a disinfecting agent, to scatter around premises affected with any unpleasant odor, nothing is better than a mixture of four parts dry ground plaster of Paris to one part of fine charcoal, by weight. All sorts of glass vessels and other utensils may be effectually purified from offensive smells by rinsing them with charcoal powder, after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and soap.

Your Own Mason.—Small holes in white walls can be easily repaired without sending for the mason. Equal parts of plaster of Paris and white sand, such as is used in most families for scouring purposes, mixed with water to a paste, applied immediately and smoothed with a knife or flat piece of wood will make the broken place as good as new. As the mixture hardens very quickly, it is best to prepare but a small quantity at a time.

Cookery.

Apple Dumplings.—Make a crust of fine Graham flour, thin sweet cream, and baking powder. Halve tender acid apples, and with the dough rolled rather thick proceed to make up the crust and fruit into old-fashioned turnovers, using two apple halves for each, and sugar as desired. Lay them, not touching, on a flat baking pan and bake slowly in a moderate oven until the apple is tender. Allow them to cool before bringing to the table, and serve with creamy milk or with a thin cream gravy. They make an excellent breakfast dish.

Seasonable Food.—The wholesomeness of food depends nearly as much on the time it is taken as on the quantity. We have grown so luxurious in our physical as well as mental tastes, that we are constantly tempted to eat things out of season. Yielding to the temptation, as we often do, we pay the penalty, soon or late, in temporary or chronic derangement of our health. The meat which is excellent in cold, may not be desirable in warm weather; fish is best during spring and early summer; vegetables and fruit are nutritious when they are fully ripened by sun and season, and not artificially stimulated. Nature knows what she is doing; she furnishes for every latitude the productions fittest for such latitude. We need variety, not so much at one time, as from time to time. The delicacies of the season will not hurt us; but the delicacies out of season certainly will, if long continued. The appetite so jaded as to crave oysters in July, or strawberries in December, needs careful correction by the adoption of the simplest habits. The palate naturally relishes what Nature has near at hand. As a rule, not only is the simplest food the best food, but the most seasonable is, in the long run, the most appetizing. There is no difficulty in determining what we should eat, since the products of our climate show us plainly month by month. Fish, flesh and fruit, by their plumpness, tenderness and ripeness, themselves denote when they are ready to be eaten. A sound stomach will profit by whatever an unspoiled palate enjoys.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Oatmeal and Cocoanut Cracknels.—Oatmeal mixed with grated cocoanut produces a very attractive cake to both old and young. Take three heaping tablespoonfuls of grated cocoanut, or two of the prepared desiccated cocoanut; add to it half a pint of the finest oatmeal and two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar; stir it into one gill of boiling water and mix it thoroughly together; turn out on the rolling-board, well floured, and roll it as thin and cut out as for common cracknels, put a bit of citron and half a dozen currants into each cake, sticking them in the dough. Bake in a slow oven and watch carefully lest they brown a shade too deep. To make them crispy, let them stand a day in an uncovered dish. A very palatable pie crust can be made from the dough of oatmeal cracknels by wetting it a little thinner; or in preparing it add just half the measure of meal in hot water. Add no butter; roll out thin, and make the pie of cooked fruits, as this kind of paste bakes very quickly, and if the fruit requires cooking it would become too hard and brown. Most persons who eschew all kinds of pies can eat those made of oatmeal without fear or trembling, and they will soon learn to consider oatmeal an invaluable addition to their tables. —*Rural New Yorker.*

SELECTED RECEIPTS.

Bread and Custard Pudding.—Cut bread in any desired pieces and mix a custard and pour over it and bake slowly. Reserve the whites and part of the sugar and just as it is done pour over the top and set in the oven and brown slightly.—*Contributed.*

Rice and Apple Pudding.—Now that we have good, rich, cooking apples we must improve them. Take the best you can get, greenings if possible; pare, core and cut into half-inch pieces; put them into a pipkin, jar or porcelain-lined saucepan, with tight cover, and scatter in uncooked rice in about the proportion of one part rice to four parts apple; fill up with water, cover close and bake in a moderate oven two hours, or until the rice is properly tender. Dish hot, sprinkle it over with sugar, and eat before it is quite cold, dressed with milk or cream if desired. If preferred, the sugar may be put into the pudding before baking.

Apple Pudding.—Eight apples grated, about the same quantity of stale bread, three eggs, one and a half pints of milk and sugar to the taste. Bake in a slow oven one hour. To be eaten with cream.

French Cream.—One and one-half pints of milk boiled; add the sweetened yolks of three eggs beaten in a little cold milk. Let all boil once; place it in a dish and throw gradually in the stiffly beaten whites.

Flower-Gossip.

New and Rare Winter Bloomers.

IN our last gossip about flowers I described some of our tried favorites that attracted a great deal of admiration last winter, but I did not have time to say a word about the new plants that are being brought forward for the next season. If you will allow your vivid imagination full play, just put yourself under my guidance and control and I will reward you with a peep into the future of my window garden. Variety is pleasant in all things so we intend to have a little amongst our flowers.

Let me lead you first behind this vine-covered trellis; here is the fern bed I told you about last year. It is looking well, is it not? Great feathery plumes of ferns are waving in this shady breezy spot all these long summer days. Scattered here and there amongst them are various sized flower pots containing the new window plants that seem in my limited experience to thrive better here at this season of the year than in any other place. This plant in the corner, quite in the shelter of the fence, you perceive, that has already commenced to bloom, is Plumbago capensis, its large truss of blue or rather lavender colored flowers, is a very pretty shade besides being rather uncommon and will mingle well with other colors. It is recommended as a free bloomer so I am going to give it a trial. Those two larger pots next are Begonias, handsome plants, are they not? I feel quite proud of them already, they are so well grown and shapely. Saundersonii or coral begonia you probably recognize; it is not uncommon, but this Weltoniensis is of later date and such a beauty; even the foliage is worthy of admiration in its various shades of green, affording such a fine contrast to the leaf stalks and branches which are dark crimson, while the flowers and buds, which are just beginning to show, are an exquisite shade of pink. The next plant with the variegated leaves, rich golden color on green, as strong and glossy as the ivy leaves, is called Euonymus; it seems to be one of those useful things that is suitable for any place. What a contrast the next plant is, a Gymnostachyum with large smooth leaves that look as if delicately pencilled in rose color and pink, forming a rich tracery on the soft green background of the leaf. I have had it three months and it is growing finely. I shall make a great effort to carry it through the winter. Hidden away, almost, under this ledge so that the heavy summer showers may not dash against it too rudely, is a Poinsetta pulcherrima, a greenhouse plant and a tropical one at that. It is a venturesome thing to undertake in an ordinary room, but if I should succeed with it what a gem it will be. The other pots you see here contain ferns and mosses for the flower stand.

I must trouble you now to come with me to the east side of the house just at the end of the flower garden, under this drooping peach tree are some good plants, I think. The winter blooming fuchsia Carl Halt is a young plant but looks thrifty and is getting ready its flower buds already. Next it is another fuchsia that is seldom out of flower. I do not know the name but the tube and sepals are white, the corolla bright rose color; next to the Speciosa I like it best. That is the scarlet Passion-flower wound and looped over the tall wire cross; it is two years old now, and has grown so luxuriantly this summer that I hope to see it flower soon. The tall plant next that will probably measure five feet in the pot in just one straight stalk, with the dark green leaves and numberless slight little twigs terminated with delicate looking buds, is a variety of Campanula that in another month will delight its fortunate possessor with masses of pale purple bells about an inch in diameter.

Please follow me now to the grape arbor; on the other side of it you will notice six pots that are all of a size and the plants look very like each other. They are all new shades of scarlet geraniums, the best I could hear of. They are called Le Pere Hyacinthe, Clara, Jean Sisley, Masterpiece, Diana, Jansha, and Sir Charles Napier. I have shifted them occasionally, pinched them constantly, and treated them in such a way generally that I expect they will do great credit to their careful training next winter.

I fear now you are wearied out with sight-seeing so we will say nothing about the score or more of pots scattered about here. Hobbies, even if they are pleasant ones, are sometimes carried to extremes, like flower-growing for instance. My excuse and pardon must be the encouragement you give and interest you manifest in it yourself, and if anybody blessed with similar likings should chance to wonder how this collection was brought together by one who is near no fine greenhouses that she may select from, or large city conservatories to visit, but lives in almost as quiet and retired a nook as it is possible to find in this progressive age, it may comfort and encourage them to know it was gathered up by reading. The horticultural items of our country weekly papers and the city dailies which come so rapidly by post, and the various catalogues, are faithfully explored. By reading them carefully, bringing into use one's own experience and judgment, a pretty good selection as a general thing may be made. And plants come nowadays by express in perfect order; some of those mentioned were sent me by Long Brothers of Buffalo in a market basket. A postal card notified me that they were dispatched on Monday morning; I did not receive them until Thursday evening, but found on taking off the wrappers they were as fresh as possible, not a leaf injured. I merely treated them to plenty of water, put them in the cellar

for twenty-four hours, then potted them which was an easy task for most of them had been just lifted out and merely required to be put into the same sized pots again. It is some labor, of course, but a labor of love is a pleasure and joy to the laborer. SWEET BRIAR.

Management of Pot Plants.

AMATEURS are apt, in repotting plants, to make the soil too rich, under the impression that, because the roots are confined within a small compass, necessarily the soil must be very fat. Such is not the fact. Flowering plants should not have the soil over rich. They do better in pure soil, free from an excessive quantity of manure. What is used should be the most thoroughly digested compost. The successful florist understands that the soil requires only to be in the normal state to insure perfect and continuous growth; and therefore, instead of making the soil in the pots over rich, he depends upon stimulating, when wanted, by means of liquid manure.

A mistake generally made in shifting from one pot to another, is the use of too large pots as the plants increase in size. In changing, use pots only one size larger than the plant was in before. To do this in the best manner put some drainage in the bottom of the pots, say half an inch of broken flower pots for four inch size, being careful to close the hole in the bottom by laying a piece thereon; on this place a little rich compost mixed with one-half its bulk of sharp sand. Then place a pot one size less than the one containing the plant to be moved. Fill in around this with the same material pretty finely packed. Lift out the pot and fill with soil, just so that the ball of earth in which the plant is contained will reach to about half an inch of the rim of the new pot. Now set the plant in and cave the earth about it from the sides, and fill up level with more soil.—*Western Rural.*

Something to Wear.

Two Short Suits.

BOTH are worn at Our Home and by young ladies from the city who are spending their summer rest days with us. Here where they can be free they gladly avail themselves of the opportunity, and do not attempt to dress in long skirts for dinner, nor for a dance, nor scarcely for a Sunday meeting.

One suit, very neat and becoming—its owner never wears anything that is not—was made ready at home from an old garment so worn as to be useless for a long dress. It is of black and white check silk with three bias bands of the same edged with a piping of black silk near the bottom of the skirt which is eight inches from the ground. A pretty little overskirt with short apron front and bouffant back is bordered with a black silk ruffle edged and headed with band and knife pleating of the check. This with dress drawers of the same, gored and passing within the boots, completes the suit.

There was not silk enough for waist and sleeves, so for variety both for common and "dress-up" and to meet the changes of weather she wears various waists--for morning a gray linen plaited basque or sacque embroidered with scarlet and gray braid, with white linen cuffs and collar and a knot of violets and clematis buds or a rose and geranium leaf at the throat; and for a cool or rainy day a gray debage polonaise embroidered with black braid which has stood ocean travel, the sun of the tropical islands, and rain and mud without fading or showing soil or stain. With this are worn gray printed linen cuffs and turn-down collar banded with white with blue lines and, to match the banded trimming, a cravat of bias linen lawn, white and blue—to run under the collar and tie in bow and ends, (43 inches long, 4 inches wide, simply folded and the edges ironed in and only the ends made.) For a cool afternoon a black velvet cuirass basque or a blue cashmere blouse trimmed with black velvet and jet, and for warm days plaited sacks and blouses of white or colored lawns and cambrics. A gray wash poplin underskirt with flounce at bottom bound and headed with black is light and sufficient.

When the suit was all completed she wore it to show it and make a goodbye call on a city friend, who at once pronounced it pretty and declared she would have one straightway to wear in working in her garden. Did any one ever do a good thing without influencing some one else to go and do likewise?

With so much sense in the outer apparel we should expect that thought would have been given to the underwear. By advice of her physician this lady wears gauze suits next the skin. These as they are usually bought (though whole suits are now manufactured in this country) lap below the waist, thus burdening further an overburdened part. She cuts her undervest off about four inches below the waist line and leaves it of the same size as the top of the drawers, binds it with muslin and sews on buttons at intervals, then binds the tops of the short gauze drawers (which are 20 cents cheaper than the long ones) and works button holes to fasten them together and thus avoids one band around the waist line. The hose are long striped balbriggans and from the tops a two-parted, adjustible elastic strap runs up to the undervest button. No chemise is worn, that being of no use, but a waist of thin cotton is worn to hold the skirts and drawers. Dress drawers are held down by an elastic strap under the foot.

The other suit was made by one of the town dress-makers after the lady's arrival. It is of shaded light brown and white plaid poplin, skirt ten inches from the floor, trimmed about the bottom with two folds headed with a heavy cord of plain brown silk of darker shade, overskirt with long pointed apron front trimmed same as the skirt and finished at the back with two sash ends looped and corded with brown. French basque, plaited back, plaits confined with a band held by two buttons. Collar headed with a ruff and terminating in lapel-like ends and, with the deep cuffs of the coat sleeves

and pocket lapels, finished with the brown cord. Buttons of brown like the cord. Nice kid buttoned boots, ten inches high, made to order, the teps large enough to take in the gored dress drawers.

The lady wears it for the love of it as well as for its convenience and appropriateness, and spares no pains to make it just right. She was very tired on coming; had been through an unusually hard term in a city school, and knowing what she wanted did not begin at once to get acquainted with everybody but hung herself up in a hammock under one of the trees that overlook the valley, and there slept and read or dreamed and kept quiet and so refreshed herself at a rapid rate.

Her undersuit is of cotton—cotton flannel in winter—made into one garment and furnished with buttons to hold all the clothes over it, white hose draw over the gored bottoms and are held by an elastic band about four inches long furnished at both ends with patent clasps which catch into the stockings. As they do not go around but only pass over the more bony part of the limb they do not ligate and prevent circulation as all round elastics do.

The Sick Room.

From a Letter.

A Sick Baby.

He was from the first very ravenously hungry. I learn that many new-born infants have the same appetite, and I now believe that many are killed from over-feeding. We could scarcely keep the bottle from our baby for two hours at a time, and he never seemed satisfied. His stomach was constantly overloaded which destroyed the digestion, and for three weeks he had a diarrhœa which continually grew worse. He would have twelve passages in the twenty-four hours. At first, as he was only two weeks old, I did not feel able to attend to him hygienically, and consulted a physician who gave him powders of mercury and chalk, then tried rhubarb without success. I concluded that unless more efficient means were used he must follow my four other babes to the grave. So I stopped the medicines, read Dr. Jackson's book on treating the sick and followed it as well as I could; by giving enemas after each action, allowing him food only every three hours, preparing the gruel diet for him and giving him the fresh air, in twenty-four hours his passages became perfectly natural in every respect. His disease had assumed the form of bloody dysentery in its first stages; there were large pieces of hard curdled milk with slime and blood in his passages. It requires some faith to take the life of a five weeks old baby into one's own hands, and that when all confidence in every other aid had failed; and also some nerve and determination to keep food from a baby for three hours when he cries for the bottle most of the time while awake. I find that with good care I can keep him from killing himself and from distressing us with crying. Your counsel is a great blessing to us all. My two older boys often get things to eat without my knowledge which derange their stomachs, but every time I have brought them through their attacks of vomiting and fever without other advice than is found in Dr. Jackson's valuable book.

Mrs. D. L. S. Greenley.

Home Treatment of Erysipelas.

From a Letter.

My husband has suffered from a critical illness by which, and the severe weather of March, he was confined in doors for six weeks. The provoking cause of his illness was a wound by our brass forcing pump which he was trying to "thaw out" before sending for a man to put it in working order. The wound was in the first joint of the middle finger of the left hand, and seemed at the beginning of the trouble to act like a felon, as far as I can judge from the descriptions I have read, but the development was fearful to me and my family friends. He was taken sick on Sunday noon after having been to church and Sunday school. The first alarm was his want of mental control. He enunciated his words perfectly but could not connect his thoughts sufficiently to say what he wanted. I immediately began treatment according to the inspirations of the moment; gave first a warm sitz bath to induce perspiration, placing his hands in the water which was very agreeable to him, after which he slept, and at midnight he uttered his first connected sentence and finished the one which he begun at the beginning of the attack, from which time he was himself again. O the joy of that hour!

For five nights I did not undress, but day and night bathed his hand in warm water or soothed it by holding it in both mine, and in every way made him as comfortable as I could, watching the temperature of his body, keeping the head cool and the feet warm, but giving no medicine.

Severe pain and swelling continued for four or five days, succeeded by the formation of a blister covering the back of his hand, the base of his fingers and the wounded finger, then suppuration and discharge in four places besides the finger, two upon the arm and two upon the back of the hand. A slight compression would cause the pus to run a stream. I gave myself wholly to the work of bathing and soothing night and day, according to his needs until he no longer wanted care. I consulted no physician and had not one word of advice from human lips nor look of encouragement from any friend.

I fought the battle alone,—shall I say it? Wisdom, power, courage and strength were given day by day according to the necessities of the case, and the confidence of my husband in me was like that of the child in its mother, and the progress of the disease was so constant, lawful and beautiful, and the results so wonderful that we deem it good to have been thus afflicted. He was not confined to his bed more than a day or two during this attack, lying down, sitting up or walking as he felt inclined. His appetite regular and good but for fruit mostly, only occasionally for weeks did he eat Graham wafers. He ate very freely of oranges, depending upon them for food and drink. He had no thirst and

every manifestation was so favorable that I regard this apparent sickness as an evidence of an invigorated condition of his whole system, for he has never been so well and never lived so naturally as previous to this time.

The third day out of doors he walked a mile, and weighed only one hundred pounds; his usual weight is about one hundred and twenty-five or thirty. In five days he weighed one hundred and fifteen, eating his two moderate meals of fruit and grains, no milk, eggs, butter, or salt during his sickness or for months before.

I infer that because of dietetic and other changes made with a view to improvement in health, changes had been instituted in his system sufficiently to compel it to throw out morbid matters which had been latent in his blood all his life—that this outburst was a crisis, a remedial process which will give him renewed life, and my inference is justified by his improved appearance in many respects since his recovery.

The ease from beginning to end and its results are wonderful. This has been his first sickness since his childhood. Weight now one hundred and twenty-three pounds. We are "wonderfully made." How full of interest is our life in all its relations. What a career is before us if we follow the leadings of Truth.

MRS. WILLIAM W. GOODWIN.
Newburyport, Mass.

Our Girls and Boys.

The Humming Bird.

[Another poem sent to Jamie.]

LITTLE green hunter in meadows of air!
Busy blithe buzzer 'mid odorous bowers!
Are you a bird, say, or something more rare,
Kin to the butterfly? flirting with flowers,
Kissing, caressing them,
Billing them, pressing them,
All the day long through the blue balmy hours,
Bright little, light little, slight little hummer,
Lover of sunshine and lover of summer.

Never a song to the flowers do you sing,
Only you murmur them mysteries sweet;
Then, as if angered, away do you spring,
Swift as a sunbeam—your pinions are fleet!
Strangely capricious bird,
Darling delicious bird,
Passions how mixed in your bosom must meet!
Bright little, light little, slight little hummer,
Lover of sunshine and lover of summer.

For the Laws of Life.

The Western Rattlesnake.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

THE rattlesnake—now so seldom seen at the East—is still among the products of the West, more especially west of the "father of waters," the Mississippi, indeed a grand and noble stream. On a good farm just across the river not more than six or ten rattlesnakes may be seen in a season, but in the far west on the frontier they are more abundant. Although they do not make pet playmates for children, the hogs and some of the dogs—those specially trained—are very intimate with them, "making love" to them as often as they can find them. These dogs are very crafty in their attaèks. Of course, his snakeship, when in danger, coils himself up, his tail in the center of the coil, and his head raised a few feet in the air, with his eyes flashing vengeance, his tongue darting out and in furiously, and his head swaying towards his opponent in kingly majesty, he seems to say, "How dare you disturb me in my dominions! Come within my reach and I will dispatch you in a trice!"

But the wary dog understands the power of his foe, and knows just where that power lies, in a sac at the root of two of his teeth, which teeth lie flat in his mouth when not needed, but are raised up when he attacks his foes. As this hinged tooth strikes the quivering flesh it presses on this sac and the poison is pressed through the hollow of the tooth, entering the flesh through the open point, doing its deadly work. But the dog does not propose to be bitten. He commences revolving around the maddened snake at a respectful distance, while the snake keeps his piercing eyes on him, the head moving as the dog moves. The dog increases his speed, coming nearer as fast as he dares to, at the same time running as for dear life. The snake seems to tire and drop behind. As the dog gains nearly a circle and gets around so that the back of the snake's head, instead of his flashing eyes and forked tongue, is toward him, he darts like lightning upon him, seizes him as near his head as possible, shaking out his coil and throwing him into the air, handling him rather carelessly, not fondly. He does not allow him to reach the ground in his deseent but seizes him again, crushes his bones by his grip, leaving teeth marks, and sends him again upward to be treated in the same way again and again, till those eyes cease to flash and the body is limp and lifeless. The dog has no use for the conquered foe, having engaged in the exeiting and dangerous conflict as a mere matter of amusement, a trial of power.

But not so with the hog, since he seems to regard snake steak as a fitting repast for a thanksgiving dinner! When the swine in the far west are turned out in the spring they rush off to the snake-fields as the boy does to the pond for a bath. The hog does not fear the poison of the snake as much as the dog, since the fat of his porky sides is not particularly affected by it or does not allow it to circulate to any great extent through the whole body. He cares much more for his face and eyes. Hence, when the snake coils up and prepares for a fight, as with the dog, he walks around in the circle, making almost a circle of himself, bringing the head and tail almost together on the side away from the snake. The poisonous fangs are thrust into his sides, but what eares he for that so long as his eyes are unharmed? That pork can not be made much worse by adding a little more poison! When the poison is pretty much used up or deposited in the pork, none reaehing the

more susceptible parts of the body, the hog watches his opportunity, seizes the body at a convenient place, shakes out the coil and surprises the snake by such a craunch! just such as a hog well knows how to give, and the lifeless body lies stretched on the ground. And then and there the great feast commences, rattlesnako for the first, second and third course, and so on till all is exhausted. And a rich repast it is. The hog has not had the like for many months, since the winters are long and cold, and the snake-steak has been stowed away in the burrows. This to the swine is what the first berries or apples or peaches are to hungry boys. Who ever knew a growing hoy that was not "as hungry as a bear?"

Does the squeamish boy or girl say, "No such pork for me, if you please, I am not fond of rattlesnakes"? Well, there is no accounting for tastes. A great deal depends upon our "bringing up." Some people eat eels which are, to say the least, very snakish in look and habit, and some fancy an oyster, a lobster, a clam, a snail, a slice of measly, greasy pork, bah! Isn't it possible that we are over precise about some things and a little too hard on the swine? He likes rattlesnakes, but he does not carry a "long nine" or a cigarette in his mouth: he does not bespatter the floor and furniture of his pen with the juice of a quid so large as to make his cheeks stick out liko a squirrel's; he does not drink beer or whisky and then go reeling and staggering home to beat his companion, the mother of the little pigs. O no, a respectable hog never uses the weed, never gets drunk, never gets down to the level of some of the biped tribe. He likes snakes hut does not eat rich pies and cakes, sausages, spices, doughnuts, candy, or even pork.

Our Home Doings.

Gatherings.

LIBERTY HALL has been the scene of numerous assemblies for a great variety of purposes all through the season, there having been nearly as many meetings as days.

DR. JACKSON'S LECTURES.

These have ranged over a wide field of subjects, all bearing on the well being of humanity in general and on the progress healthward of the class of patients before him in particular. His talks which are given regularly on Monday and Thursday at the time between rest hour and dinner, when all the folks are refreshed by the baths and a good hour or two of rest or sleep in bed, are of incalculable service not only in filling the mind with information, but in raising low spirits, in clearing away doubts, in lightening burdens, in inspiring hope and faith, in promoting unity and good fellowship among all who are there together. At no time of his professional career has the Doctor spoken with greater ability and effect than during the past season. Quite frequently after the pleasant service of reading, prayer and singing which is held in the parlor for fifteen minutes at 9 o'clock each morning, he takes occasion to bring forward any subject which may be uppermost in his mind, and these are among his finest talks. Several times he has seen the ladies and again the gentlemen by themselves, and he has frequently met the helpers in Liberty Hall at evening to instruct and encourage them. At no period has he been more active or given closer personal attention to his patients, and to all the affairs of the house.

RELIGIOUS.

There has been manifest rather an unusual degree of religious interest. Several ministers with their families have passed their summer vacation with us and others are staying the season through; so there has been no lack of ability and zeal to carry on the prayer meetings and to conduct the Sunday chapel exercises, which have been varied by sermons from clergymen. Rev. Mr. Clymer of Glen's Falls, N. Y., one of the most talented and ardent workers in the Lord's vineyard and a good hygienist, gave us an excellent extemporaneous discourse, his subject "Christ in us." Rev. A. J. Rowland of Philadelphia gave a rare sermon from the text, "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity." Rev. Mr. Cutter of West Medford, Mass. conducted a very pleasant service, also Rev. Mr. King of Monmouth, Maine, assisted by our chaplain, Rev. Mr. Emery of Thomaston, Maine. Dr. Jackson's sermons have been of unusual interest and power. Flowers are always on the stand at these services. The last arrangement was a graceful, handled hasket filled with white lilies and asters among dainty straying vines, on a white-spread stand. A large open dish with a fall of Madeira vines and standing greeu and only scarlet geranium blossoms on the organ, and back in the arch a tall vase with vines, asters and zinnias and other autumn flowers, and on the bracket under Dr. Jackson's portrait an open dish of ferns and bright flowers.

Some of the prayer meetings have beeu of exceeding interest, and several young persons, mostly those who have been with us a long time, first as patients and afterwards as helpers, have risen for the first time to declare a love for the Lord and a decision to follow him.

A Bible class led by one of the clergymen is held as usual every Sunday after dinner, and a class of about fifteen children meet at the same time in a side parlor. Mrs. Read, wife of Rev. Dr. Read of Brooklyn, gathered the children of patients and guests in a Sunday school, taking charge of them during her stay, and on leaving in the latter part of August committed to Mrs. Katy Jackson the delightful task of hearing their recitation of the lesson and leading them in conversation and singing.

MUSICAL.

We have been highly favored in that a number of persons of decided musical talent have been with us. Mr. James G. Clark gave us an evening of ballad singing, and had never a better audience or performance. Professor Gustave Krebs, one of the Boston Mendelssohn Quintette Club until failing health compelled him to resign, has returned and with his sister and brother, Mr. Karl Krebs, also a very fine musician—both teachers of the highest order—taken a cottage near Brightside, to reside here for the present. With true neighborly generosity they frequently favor us and also the family at the cure with rare music both classical and general. After dinner or after breakfast or at some meeting in the hall they bring their instruments—the one a very fine violin that seems to have in itself the power of song and of speech, and the other a clarionet, equally gifted, made, by a noted German manufacturer, for the Paris exposition—and entertain the people with a few pieces, and sometimes Mr. Karl accompanies the violin with the piano in a manner altogether captivating. At the Wednesday evening entertainments the young people enjoy the rare pleasure of having their time measured by his tune.

There are also with us a number of amateur performers, both gentlemen and ladies, whose execution is remarkable and whose voices, rich and sweet and under high cultivation, are a luxury to hear, especially when as at Brightside on Sunday evenings they are united in singing hymns from various collections.

HELPERS' HEALTH SOCIETY.

Dr. Jackson met the helpers of Our Home—a little army of them—and organized a society by appointing officers, etc., for their mutual improvement, advising them as to means of making the most of their opportunities. There are always gentlemen and ladies in the house who are capable of imparting instruction and of entertaining an audience, and who, if it were to benefit our young people, would gladly give of what they have, and the Doctor suggested that they invite these persons from time to time to speak before them as one of the means of culture.

DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.

The Rev. Mr. Rowland (before mentioned) being so invited kindly gave the whole family a lecture with the above title, and it proved very acceptable, humorous enough for amusement and sensible enough for a sermon, and by way of practical application we are all going to be agreeable after this.

NECK-TIE PARTY.

The funds of the amusement society had run low and it was therefore proposed to get up a neck-tie party. Each lady was to make ready two similar ties, numbered to correspond, one for her partner and one for herself. If she chose to wear a pink and white knot, or a black one, or one with any peculiar device, the gentleman who chanced to buy (for fifty cents) the one bearing the same number as hers, his would be so like it that he would find his partner by the resemblance.

The party proved a pleasant and profitable affair. Dr. Jackson usually sits on the platform at these gatherings reading the papers or chatting with the groups assembled there, and occasionally offers a suggestion to those on the floor, and in consequence the whole affair is better regulated.

HEALTH CONVENTIONS.

We have had two superb health conventions which might as well be called experience meetings. Hall filled, many fine speeches, many more eager to speak, and singing and instrumental music interluded. Rev. Dr. Read, Mr. Spring, Rev. Mr. Clymer, Mr. Gotzain of St. Paul, Minn., Mrs. Susie Jones of the Hygienic Seminary, Rev. Mr. Powers, Mr. Force our former superintendent, Mr. Geo. Lyon bath superintendent, (both these young men about to leave, one for Cornell University the other for Bellevue Medical College), Mrs. Powers, Dr. Jackson and some others made short capital speeches which we hoped to have reported for this number, but which if not now we shall present in the future. Messrs. Krebs brothers, Mr. Geo. W. Clark and his two accomplished daughters Mrs. Shearer and Miss Emily, Mrs. Lee our neighbor, Miss Dresser our patient, Miss Aldrich our guest at Brightside, and Miss Nellie L. Read gave elegant music.

MISS AUSTIN'S BIRTHDAY.

It must be told—it was her fiftieth! and it was too important an event, of too general interest, not to be noticed. So there was a precious family breakfast party in the waiting room, (the family now take all their meals at the cure), a large basket of pure white lilies, a vase of white asters and a smaller basket of roses and buds and other mixed choice flowers to grace the board. Also a dinner to which our good immediate neighbors to the number of twenty-five were invited, and an entertainment in Liberty Hall for the whole family, for which music was provided, in the evening. The after-dinner toasts and speeches which had been planned for were omitted, to the regret of many, in order that our helpers might get their work out of the way to enjoy the evening. The dining room was prettily dressed with flowers. Miss Margie McDonald, the artist who has come to take a place in the Hygienic Seminary, put her artistic fingers to the work of decorating Dr. Jackson's beautiful silver epergne for Miss Austin's table. All united heartily to render love and homage to one who is loved and esteemed by all who know her.

The happiness of the day was greatly enhanced by the timely arrival of our friend, the Rev. Dr. Woodruff, now of Fall River, Mass., who is ever a thousand times welcome among us.

For the Laws of Life.

On Stays.

THE dear girls! How we love them, and long to see them grow up with strong, vigorous bodies, and how our hearts ache when we see so many of them with slight, delicate frames, nervous and sensitive, complaining often of headache, of being *so* tired; some so hard to rouse, and others so constantly excited as to quite exhaust themselves each day. There must be something wrong about this. Where are the rounded limb, the full chest, the rosy cheek, the merry laugh, the light step, the strength and vigor that have ever been attributed to youth? Why do we so often see a girl as well as boy

"Creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school"?

What is it that makes our girls sickly and delicate, not fit to live in this bustling world, and with scarce enough life to prepare for the next?

Observe the young girls of our large city schools. Watch their steps as they pass you. Here and there you will notice one that moves slowly only to move slower and slower day by day; and as your eye follows up her figure you will see how slender it is, how thin the fingers and how anxious the face. Most, however, are bright-faced, vivacious, sensitive, with quick, nervous step, and in the schoolroom eager to learn, attentive, ready and bright in recitation, the delight of their teachers who do not hesitate to urge them on to the fullest extent of their capacity.

Why should there be so many girls of hypersensitive temperament? Why so many having one shoulder too high, or round shoulders, or with the habit of hitching both shoulders as though trying to get out of something; why so many with weak backs, dragging steps, sallow or pimpled complexion, poor teeth, wrinkled brows and small necks?

That American girls as a class are very pretty is a well established fact, for not only do our own fond eyes tell us so but we know it by the tribute that is paid to their beauty by foreigners. As a very intelligent English lady, visiting in this country, said to me last winter at a festival where there were crowds of misses, "Your young girls are so charming I cannot keep my eyes off them." "But your own girls I have always heard were so full and rosy." "Yes, but yours are so much more delicate," she replied, "so much fairer and more graceful." Ah! but, I said to myself, it is the beauty of the frail porcelain vase, so easily broken! not the chiseled marble of enduring quality. The trouble must be in their manner of living. We struggle through the world for the best life we can get. If we were only left to find it in our own free way, untrammelled by the unreasonable exactions of society, what might we not become? We have put the shackles upon ourselves and the children must wear them too.

No one who looks into the subject can fail to be convinced that there is nothing, perhaps, more effective in undermining the physical constitution of woman than the present style of dress. I can but feel that it lies at the very foundation of the whole thing. Tight waists and trailing skirts, all the weight resting on the stomach and back, are sure to do great harm. Boys and girls now-a-days are but burlesques on men and women! The girl of fourteen must have her long skirts and stays, her rings and chains, her hair frizzed and face powdered, her high laced boots and mincing steps as though she were a tall grown young lady. But leaving out the little foolish things which only show vanity—a trait often belonging simply to the time of life and soon outgrown—there are those things having their root in vanity, which embrace in their grasp the very life, as a deadly vine the tree, and whose effects are never outgrown.

First among these are stays. "Oh, mine are not *tight*," you all exclaim; "see, you can slip your hand under this belt." "Yes, while you hold your breath!" Or when spoken to about being so slender you draw attention to the looseness of your dress, but keep very quiet about the stays underneath. Oh, my dear girls, though you may deceive yourselves and others you cannot deceive Nature, for she knows you are lacing, and will make you pay dearly for it too some day.

I wore stays once myself. As every boy has his hair oil period, so every girl, I suppose, has her stay period, when this aid to feminine beauty, this sort of Minerva armor that is supposed to give great dignity to the wearer, is considered perfectly indispensable to her present and future happiness. So of course I had mine too, though it was rather later than usual in making its appearance. When pressed for my reason for wishing to wear them I pleaded a new wrapper and blouse waist, to the fit of which the desired articles were positively necessary; it was for these garments alone I needed them. Several weeks passed by and I was going to a party. The dress I was to wear fitted to perfection, still I chose to wear my stays; but lo and behold! I could not fasten my dress over them. What was to be done? should I take them off? Never! I drew them in a trifle of two inches and all was right. The next morning, slipping them on in great haste as I hurried along to breakfast, I wondered what made them so exceedingly uncomfortable. I soon, however, ceased to think about it, but as I laid them off at night my eye fell upon the strings drawn tight together, and the thought flashed into my mind, "this is two inches smaller than yesterday and yet in twenty-four hours I have become entirely accustomed to it. If I have ribs so flexible as this I might compress them to such an extent as to cause permanent disease or deformity before I know it by my feelings," and

there came upon me such a horror of this form of suicide, and such a shrinking from my very self, lest I might unawares commit it, that I could not bear to have the tempters in sight, and, hastily tying them up, I then and there made the resolve that I would never again wear the health-destroying things, and, Dea Gratia, I never have.

The only persons in the world who have the least excuse for wearing corsets are those large, fleshy ladies having strong muscles and firm bones, of whom I wish there were more; there are in reality very few among American women. We have heard that some foppish young men do occasionally indulge in the use of these articles. Certain it is we sometimes, on our city promenades, come across a figure, usually in a military coat with the cap very much on one side, that we are sure must be both padded and laced; and mischievous girls are said to have made great discoveries in some exquisite of a brother's or cousin's drawers in the way of a pair of these articles, very secretly hid away. But there is not one among you, dear good sensible girls, but would cry out shame at such vanity, as a sign of a weak brain indeed, yet why should it be any more weak in the boys than in you? It would not be so detrimental to their health as to yours. Their bones are firmer, made so by their healthful out door sports, and the other portions of their dress do not tend to their ruin.

There is no intelligent girl in our land who has studied good old Cutter, or any other standard work on Physiology, who is not convinced of all the evil effects of tight lacing. She knows that it compresses or doubles over the ribs, thus cramping the lower part of the lungs till no longer able to expand they give up the struggle, the cells collapse, decay sets in, soon the right or left lung is pronounced half gone, and soon, ah! too soon the patient is gone entirely, leaving the dear friends to bewail a Providence so mysterious as to take from life one so young and fair. The action of the heart is impaired by this external pressure, the stomach reduced to two-thirds of its proper size, so that no wonder the poor dears eat so little; they have no place to put it.

All of the organs below the diaphragm are more or less displaced by weakening the muscles which should hold them up. When these muscles fail the weight of the organs is thrown upon weaker and more delicate organs below, engendering diseases for which we have no name, as we have no words that can express the intense agony, the bitter soul-wearing pain that many women endure with saint-like patience for years and with the sad thought ever before them that to-morrow will be as to-day, and each to-morrow as each to-day. Of all these effects you have read and know them to be true; the only thing that it is hard to convince you of is that you will suffer in like manner if you do the wrong. It will take some sad experiences of your own to convince you of it, and how much better not to wait for the experience. Public opinion has placed such a stigma upon lacing that no one has ever yet been known to acknowledge that she really did lace.

A lady told me that she had called at thirty houses to solicit subscribers for the Laws of Life and in not one of them had she found a woman who called herself perfectly well. When quite a young girl she almost completely lost her health and was supposed to be in a decline; but fortunately for her some health journals were placed in her hand, through the reading of which, especially some articles on lacing, she had her eyes opened to the real difficulty, threw away her stays and regained health.

The girls who have become dependent on stays declare they cannot give them up if they will: corsets hold them up, keep them together, give them all the backbone they have; without them they would literally fall to pieces. My dear miss, that is just what the drunkard would say to you of his dram, or your good old neighbor of her cup of tea, or what any one would say of any bad habit that had made him its slave. It is apparently true that you cannot do without your armor, because, as every one knows, muscles intended for action when not used become weak and flaccid. The corset taking upon itself to hold you up, the muscles whose proper function it is, become demoralized and will not even keep the organs entrusted to their care in place. Especially do the muscles of the back and the region of the body called the waist become so weakened that often one is scarcely able to hold herself up even with this wonderful support of steel and bone, and as the opium-eater can never regain his manhood till he has thrown away his drug, so until the corset is dispensed with and the muscles brought back to their original tone by use, will woman not be rid of diseases that take away her spirit and drag her to the very earth.

I fancy that the corset works on the principle of "similia similibus curantur"—having given you a weak back it now undertakes to cure it, or at least to make you believe it can; having got you so that you cannot hold yourself together it now tries to hold you. Throw it away now while you have a little strength of your own still left. We have all seen a pair of old-fashioned stays, such as our grandmothers wore fifty years ago, in some old garret perhaps, laid away with various relics. They are about half as long again as the present style, with a board in the front; they were prettily embroidered, too, and the material was very fine. Doubtless never a good old grandmother thought that she laced! Who knows how much of the weakness of the present race can be traced back to that same feminine armor? Observe the shape of the steels in a pair of well worn stays, especially the front ones. When new they were but

slightly curved but now they are bent like an ox-yoke. That curve sinks into the tenderest, most delicate part of the body, the stomach, which cannot stand against it but gives way, and as day by day the pressure is continued it shrinks and shrinks away till it is only about half as large, and its capacity for food is diminished by half; and the wearer finding that the corset does not touch her, thinks it is too loose, and so sends off next time for one an inch or two smaller. Poor stomach! poor girl!

Of course the corset could not continue bending out and so it must bend in, and each time that you stoop over it bends still farther in, and as you sit and sew by the hour the pressure still continues. The muscular walls below the stomach give way before it, till at last you find yourself in a sort of frame, like the fabled iron bedstead which if it did not fit the man he was made to fit it. Is it any wonder that we have so many slender, delicate, sickly girls, and that so many die early, or if they live, live only to suffer? What a different race might we expect to see if stays were dispensed with, the clothing worn loose and the skirts were short and well suspended in every part from the shoulders? Those who read this article who do not wear stays will say this is all true; but those who do will say it is all nonsense. Wait a few years and you may not say the same thing. Supposing we do not wait so long? What do you say, girls, shall we throw them away and all sign the pledge? AMELIA P. BUTLER.

No More Rheumatism!!

WHY should there be if this is true? It must be true; the newspaper says so.

Read and believe:

"The advantages of asparagus are not sufficiently appreciated. Those who suffer with rheumatism are cured in a few days by feeding on this delicious esculent; and more chronic cases are much relieved, especially if the patient avoids all acids, whether in food or beverage. The Jerusalem artichoke has a similar effect in relieving rheumatism. It may be well to remark that most plants which grow naturally near the sea coast contain more or less iodine, and in all rheumatic complaints iodine has long been a remedy. One who has been in the drug business told the writer some years ago that many of the popular patent nostrums which some disinterested people, "for the good of their fellow-creatures," sold at two dollars a bottle, consisted simply of a few cents' worth of iodine in solution. Iodine is dangerous, however, in overdoses, affecting especially the eye."

No more rheumatism! Joyful tidings! Now all the world is going to be cured, only the awful pity is they must wait until asparagus grows next spring. Of course there can't be enough canned asparagus to feed all the rheumatics "a few days." But wait till next June and then bring on all your grumbling, aching, twinging, creaking, stiffening bones and joints and muscles and seat them down to asparagus and Jerusalem artichokes and see them get well *in a few days*.

How jolly! Why wasn't it found out before? Jolly too that they have told us that iodine is "dangerous." Now we shall not take any more of it but take asparagus and Jerusalem artichokes. There is only one drawback. We are to "avoid acid in food or drink." What, no vinegar on greens or beans? no peppersauce? no slaw? no pickles? no sauerkraut? no cider? no lager? no wine? Oh, we can't go that. Give us back the rheumatism!

Burmah.

FROM THE LETTER OF A MISSIONARY.

I SHALL earnestly wish to come to you if I can find it possible, both with a view to more completely establish my own health, and also with the purpose of adding to my stock of knowledge touching the best methods of treating disease.

A foreign missionary is compelled to turn his attention very largely to this matter. If I return to my old field I shall to a very great extent lead the people of two provinces touching their medical treatment. The Karen tribes of Burmah and Siam have no medical knowledge. In infectious or epidemic diseases like cholera or smallpox they flee from the sick, leaving them to perish miserably unhelped, and ordinarily they do nothing to relieve the sick other than to sacrifice to demons. It is of no small importance that these tribes as they are rapidly taking on christian civilization should be taught at the start sound methods of healing disease and preserving health. Allopathy with its enormous supplies of hurtful drugs and still more destructive concomitants of patent medicines goes along with the missionary in almost every instance.

The people of Burmah, as of all southeastern Asia, are of the Mongolian race. In physical development and appearance they much resemble the Chinese. They live mainly upon rice, but they use along with this in large quantities putrid fish, and with the latter, profusely, salt, oil, capsicum and many pungent seeds and roots. They use the flesh of animals of all kinds which have died of disease. Both sexes and all ages smoke tobacco. They are drunken with whisky which they know how to distil from their rice. They chew betel nut and betel leaf together with lime, tobacco leaf, and sundry extremely acrid and astringent gums. They bathe often by just throwing pots of water over their persons, but never wash their clothing; they manage, too, to stand so near the well when bathing that the water they thus use flows back into the well; this they also drink and use for cooking purposes, as well as water from running streams which is greatly charged with poison from the putrid refuse of the dense tropical for-

ests. They are all polygamists. The men shirk and women do most of the very hard work.

You will not, therefore, be surprised to hear me say that there is much sickness among them. Fever of a highly congestive character is the prevailing trouble, but almost every other complaint that flesh is heir to visits these natives more or less. In the rearing of children they are no more successful than the native women of New England even, while in childbearing and from female complaints they suffer as much, I think, as our own women would without the alleviations of art. I have long been convinced that the most successful missionary will do as Christ did—look carefully after the healing of the body as well as the soul. How desirable that we know enough to do this without introducing at the same time the evils of drug and quack medication.

I am using wheat meal and eat but two meals per day to my great satisfaction.

(Rev.) J. F. NORRIS.

From the New York Tribune.

The Care of Children.

AT THE June meeting of the Medical Board of the Eastern Dispensary, one of the largest institutions of the kind in the city of New York, Dr. Fuller Walker, the attending children's physician to the Dispensary, read a paper on Entero-colitis, or the inflammation of the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, some portions of which are condensed and given below:

Of the 200 cases which last year occurred between April 1 and December 31, nine-tenths were in children between the ages of seven months and two and a half years, or at that period in life when dentition is in progress, and the mother begins to feed the infant other food than that offered by the breast. With the majority of mothers the notion prevails that teething causes bowel complaints, and if a disturbance of the alimentary canal manifests itself coincidently with the appearance of teeth in the child's mouth, the mother imagines that she discovers cause and effect at once. Severe dentition, where the gums are greatly swollen and the mouth inflamed, may cause a slight disturbance of the digestive apparatus, leading in the end to a gentle diarrhea; but my experience confirms the views held by Dr. J. Lewis Smith, that the doctrine that dentition is the cause of a large proportion of infantile diseases is erroneous. Undoubtedly the gravest error committed by parents is in the matter of giving food to their children. I find it to be almost always the fact that a child suffering from inflammation of bowels has been fed with corn-starch, coffee and tea, sour or poor milk, bits of bread, meat, cake, and a bit of everything there is going about the house. Not more than 10 cases out of the 200 occurred in infants below the age of six months, and not more than 25 in children over three years of age. These facts show that bowel complaints commence in children from the time those having them in charge begin to stuff them with a great variety of food, much of which is totally unsuited to their little stomachs and their tender bowels. Recognizing the fact that errors in diet are the chief cause of bowel complaints, I always endeavor to regulate these matters, and, as a rule, insist that all forms of solid food shall be withheld from infants, only warm, pure milk being given. This is bland, soothing, nutritious, and will be received by the stomach and bowels, if any form of food can be taken. It should never be kept in an ice-box with meat and vegetables. In the city, where it is difficult to get pure, fresh milk, Borden's condensed milk, properly reduced, is recommended; and it is sometimes a good plan to mix the milk with barley water. The milk treatment I have found to be very successful. Light is as essential to human as to vegetable life, and growing children need it far more than adults. Errors in clothing are almost as bad in their effect as errors of diet; especially in a climate so changeable as the American. Soft flannel shirts should be worn during both summer and winter. The dress should never form a ligature about any portion of the body, since it interrupts circulation and promotes congestion. If the physician can properly control the hygienic conditions surrounding a child, he will find that in most cases very little medicine of any sort need be given.

[The friend who sends us the above article writes: "As an evidence of the progress of the Health Reform I enclose you an article in regard to the right care and treatment of sickness in children, by attention to dress, diet, and other hygienic measures, and the non-necessity of giving medicines. The article is by an eminent regular practitioner. Why will not the same reasoning apply with equal if not greater force to the treatment of adults who are sick?—D. C."]

The Pathies.

THE long contest in Michigan for the admission of homeopathy to instruction in the medical school of the state university at Ann Arbor has at length been closed by the establishment of two homeopathic professorships and the appropriation of $6000 by the Legislature to pay the salaries. The law requiring the giving of homeopathic instruction was passed just twenty years ago, but has been contested by the regents of the university; at first, on the ground that the regents were supreme in such matters, in regard to which the supreme court of the state was evenly divided; second, on the ground of the lack of funds. But, the funds having been supplied, the professors have now been appointed: Drs. J. C. Morgan of Philadelphia and S. A. Jones of Englewood, N. J. Moreover, the state medical society have voted not to show fight, and the world is not coming to an end in Michigan; in fact, turns round faster than ever. This disposition is significant of the general disposition of the medical profession throughout the country to drop a controversy for which there was little excuse. Neither school has had such invariable success or failure in treating disease as to enable the public to make up its mind very decidedly as to their practical value. Practitioners of each now borrow to a large extent of the other, and the best educated physicians are interested in the effect of a remedy rather than to discriminate the 'pathy which first brought it to notice. All medicine and medical treatments are falling in relative importance compared with nursing, diet and general physical and mental regimen. Less "doctor-stuff," and more food and more sleep and the more consistent regulation of both, is coming to be the rule of the best practice.—*Springfield Republican.*

READERS of this number of the Laws should not fail to read carefully and thoughtfully the first article, entitled "Christ as a Physician," being a letter to and reply from Dr. Jackson. It is wonderful in its revelations of truth, and when one fully understands what is there asserted it will be found to be the gateway to a great deal more that is wonderful, still higher and beyond. Read and re-read it until you understand it. It will pay your soul to do it.

J. A. D.

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[ADVERTISEMENT.]

YOUR HELP FOR 1876.

To the Readers of the Laws of Life.

IF YOU have read this Journal during the year which will soon draw to a close with anything like the fervor of spirit which we who have written for its columns have cherished, I am sure that you must have gotten ten times the money's worth of a year's subscription. I know from a thirty years' journalistic and editorial experience how hard it is for the best and most thoughtful men and women to deny to themselves indulgences in order that they may learn how to live free from sickness.

The habits of living of our people small and great, learned and unlearned, rich and poor, are such in this country as to subject their higher natures largely to the rule of appetite and propensity. A man, therefore, who has spread before him a luxurious table three times a day, or indulges in any sensuous enjoyment, feels strongly indisposed to cut down his expenses in this direction in order that his mind, his heart, his moral and his spiritual nature may be healthfully and profitably cultured. Notwithstanding this tendency in the people of the country at large, the question of living free from sickness or of having good health, is of growing interest and is arresting attention and insuring wider and deeper consideration.

To you, who have gone with us through the year—many of you through the entire period in which the Laws of Life has been published—I extend not only from myself but from all our stated contributors sincere thanks for your support, and ask you to go on with us still further as we make new advances into fields of inquiry as to the best way to live healthfully, hopefully and happily on earth. You, who have families of children growing up under your roof trees, it seems to me cannot expend a dollar and a half for each family better than to subscribe for and read faithfully this Journal. You who have no families, but may have them, to learn to live so that there shall be no sickness in your families is a very great accomplishment. You who have no families but only your individual selves to take care of, each of you cannot pay money out so well as to learn how to live free from sickness and so free from its expenses.

To get letters, as I do every day, from persons living in different parts of the country, telling me how they have been able to keep free from the sicknesses common to their neighborhoods; how their children have been well when other children right around them have sickened and many of them died, is to make me feel that the ideas which my co-laborers and myself communicate are doing their legitimate work in adding to the sum total of the comfort which human creatures so much need and so earnestly desire. Will not you, therefore, one and all, so make your calculations as to subscribe for the Laws of Life for 1876? Will you not do more than this? Will you not try earnestly to get your neighbors to subscribe? To this end please send to us orders for copies of the Laws for gratuitous distribution, and we will send them free of cost to you, save postage. Getting them, put them into the hands of your neighbors who will read, and see if you cannot get up clubs for us. We might just as well have a hundred thousand subscribers as to have ten if proper effort was put forth. Help us in this direction, because wherever this Journal goes it stops sickness, and to stop sickness is to stop digging graves.

I am more saddened day by day at the knowledge which comes to me of the untimely and unnecessary deaths which take place in different parts of the country than I am by any other occurring event. Sickness which prostrates a man, woman or child, and which breaks in on the even tenor of life of such person is bad enough, but death! just think of it—to die when one may just as well as not live, to get off this earth when one might just as well as not stay on it, to have to bring all the relations which are so dear and sweet to a close, to leave those whom one loves behind to struggle on alone and without help! Is there anything like it?

To me there is no so great sin as sickness, no so great sorrow as comes through death, and I am sworn by all that I hold dear and sacred to fight against their prevalence with our people. Will you not help me and help my co-workers? I sit in my office ofttimes and think that there is scarcely a family in the whole land made up of father, mother and five children where there is not a vacant chair—a place on the hearthstone unoccupied. Some son or daughter growing to manhood or womanhood has departed; some baby boy or prattling little girl has ceased to cheer the home circle by its pleasant ways and its dawning intellect, and its chatty prattling life. Death has got into such a house and the father and mother have not known how to keep him out or to get him out, till he has wrung their hearts that they have bled. When I think of it I ask myself, exactly of what use religion, liberty, law, the family, society, community, government are, or what benefit to the human race art, science and philosophy are, since "Death cuts down all, both great and small," and there seems to be no remedy against his incursions.

Now there is help; and there is deliverance and there is thorough protection; there is power enough in any family if it be organized and brought to bear rightly upon it, power enough in any community substantially to put death at bay. There is no lack of resource; there is only lack of knowledge and of hope and of courage and of purpose. Men and women live at hap-hazard instead of living according to law.

Remember how the genius of one man put an end to a pestilence in one of our southern cities. Gen. Benj. F. Butler goes into New Orleans, puts the city under military rule, organizes a sanitary force, insures its thorough application to the needs of the people healthwise, and lo and behold! that scourge to life—the yellow fever—disappears entirely. What there was done on an immense scale may be done on a small one with proportionate facility, and there is therefore no need of there being sickness in any family in this country whose heads and members will consent to become intelligent and earnest in their application of the laws of health to their conditions of living, and all this for a period of ten years can be insured at an expense of a dollar and a half a year.

Will you not therefore see to it that you keep sickness out of your families, for if you do, death will not come in. Take hold then in good faith and honesty with us and help us to fight this battle; God giving us strength and grace to do His will on earth as it is done in heaven, what a victory for human health and human well-being may we not achieve.

Will you please look upon the last page of the body of this number of the Laws and read our prospectus for 1876, then set to work to run up our subscription lists to large amounts? It can be done, for it ought to be done; it ought to be done for it can be done. Come, clasp your hands in ours and let us make one more effort during the coming year to save human health and promote human comfort. I am, till I die, for the prevention of sickness and untimely death,

Yours faithfully,

JAMES C. JACKSON.